

# HIT PARADE

ERIC CLAPTON POSTER

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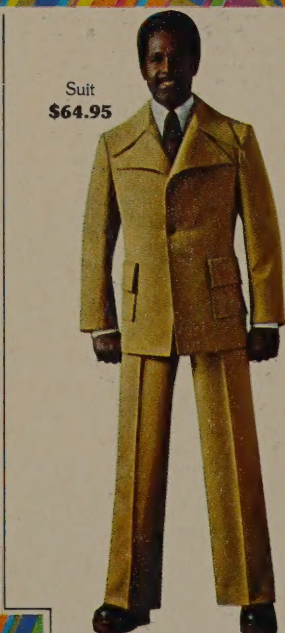
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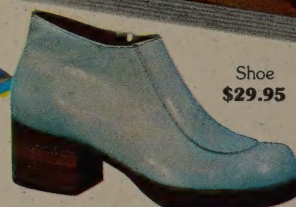
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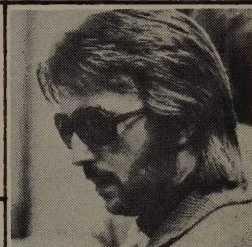
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# WE READ YOUR MAIL

Editor's Note: We got this amazing letter this month from a Beatle fan who tells us that there are many more Beatles discs than we even knew about. Most of them are bootlegs but since he took the time out to send it to us - we'll send it on to you ... Here it is...

Dear Editor,

I am writing in response to your "Beatles Album Discography" (May '74). Quite a bit was mentioned in it, and in the August '74 edition, but there are still more that have not been listed:

"Please Please Me"  
(Parlophone PMC 1202/PCS 3402)  
England

"With The Beatles"  
(Parlophone PCS 3405) England

"Beatles For Sale"  
(Parlophone PCS 3062) England

"Die Beatles"  
(Hor Zu SHZE 117) Germany

"The Beatles Beat"  
(Odeon 1C 062-04 363) Germany

"The Beatles Greatest"  
(Odeon 1C 062-04 207) Germany

"Greatest Hits" (don't know label) Holland

"This Is Where It Started" (Metro MS 563)

"Beatles Views 1966" (BV 1966)

"Here's To Vets '68"  
(Veterans Administration 109)

"Beatles Alpha/Omega"  
(Audiotape) TV product

"Beatles Alpha/Omega Volume Two"  
(Audiotape) TV product

## And Bootlegs...

"Sweden 1963"

"Live At The Paris Olympia"  
(Shalom Records)

"Sunday Night At The London Palladium"  
(Shalom Records)

"Paris Sports Palais" (LPPA 77)

"Studio Sessions Volume One"

"Studio Sessions Volume Two"

"Outtakes 1/ Outtakes 2"  
(Trade Mark of Quality)

"Shea The Good Old Days"

"Cavern Club"

"Tokyo Sixty-Six"

"Peace Of Mind"

"Get Back Sessions"

"Get Back Sessions-Studio Outtakes"  
(Trademark of Quality)

"More Get Back Sessions"

"Let It Be-Live"

"Live On Silver"

"Yellow Submarine"

"Cinelog"

"Some Other Guy"

"Mary Jane"

"Bye, Bye, Bye - Supertracks 1"

"Supertracks 2"

"Spicey Beatles Songs"  
(Trade Mark of Quality)

"Live Concert Atlanta"

"British Blue Jam"  
(Lennon & Rolling Stones)

"Bangla Desh" (Harrison, Starr and others)

"Battle:" (Beatles & Rolling Stones)

"Madison Square Garden-August 1, 1971"  
(Carnaby Records)

"Lennon, McCartney"

"Telecasts" (Lennon, Ono, Chuck Berry)

"One/One" (Lennon)

"Hound Dog" (Lennon)

"Belgium 1972" (McCartney)

"Wings On The Radio" (McCartney)

"James Paul McCartney"  
(Trade Mark of Quality)

"Scotland 1973"

"Wild Life" (McCartney) (Crash Records)

"Rare Beatles - Happy Birthday"

"Renaissance Minstrels Volume 1"

"Renaissance Minstrels Volume 11"

"Renaissance Minstrels Volume 111"  
(Trade Mark of Quality)

"Renaissance Minstrels Volume IV"

"Yellow Matter Custard  
(As Sweet As You Are)"

"Soldier of Love"

"The Beatles Complete Christmas  
Collection 1963-69"

"Back In 1964 At The Hollywood Bowl"

"Last Live Show"

"Live From Germany"

"First U.S. Performance"

"Have You Heard The Word"

"L.S. Bumble Bee"

"Abbey Road Revisited-  
Those Were The Days"

"Don't Pass Me By"

"Live In Europe And U.S. TV Casts"

"Get Back To Toronto"

"Kum Back!"

"Beatles Apart" (Crash Records)

There are also cover variations  
for some of the albums:

"Introducing The Beatles" (Vee-Jay 1062)

1) titles listed in two columns on back

2) blank backs

3) titles listed but other albums pictured

4) either having "Love Me Do"  
and "P.S. I Love You" or  
"Ask Me Why" and "Please Please Me".

"Jolly What! The Beatles And Frank Ifield  
On Stage" (Vee-Jay 1085)

1) old man with Beatles wig

2) painting of The Beatles  
"Beatles VI" (Capitol ST 2358) back cover

1) titles listed in order as on album

2) titles listed out of order  
"Yesterday And Today" (Capitol ST 2553)

1) Beatles gathered around a trunk

2) Beatles dressed in butcher smocks  
surrounded by raw meat and broken  
baby dolls. Butcher cover.

"Let It Be" (Apple AR 34001)

1) Four pictures of The Beatles  
with black background Title  
reading "Let It Be"

2) picture of the Beatles in a 1969 pose  
from a stairway. Title reading "Get Back"

"My Bonnie" (MGM SE-4215)

1) red cover

2) green cover - some saying "and others"  
on front after song titles.

I've listed all I could, can anyone think of  
anymore?

"Another Beatle Fan"

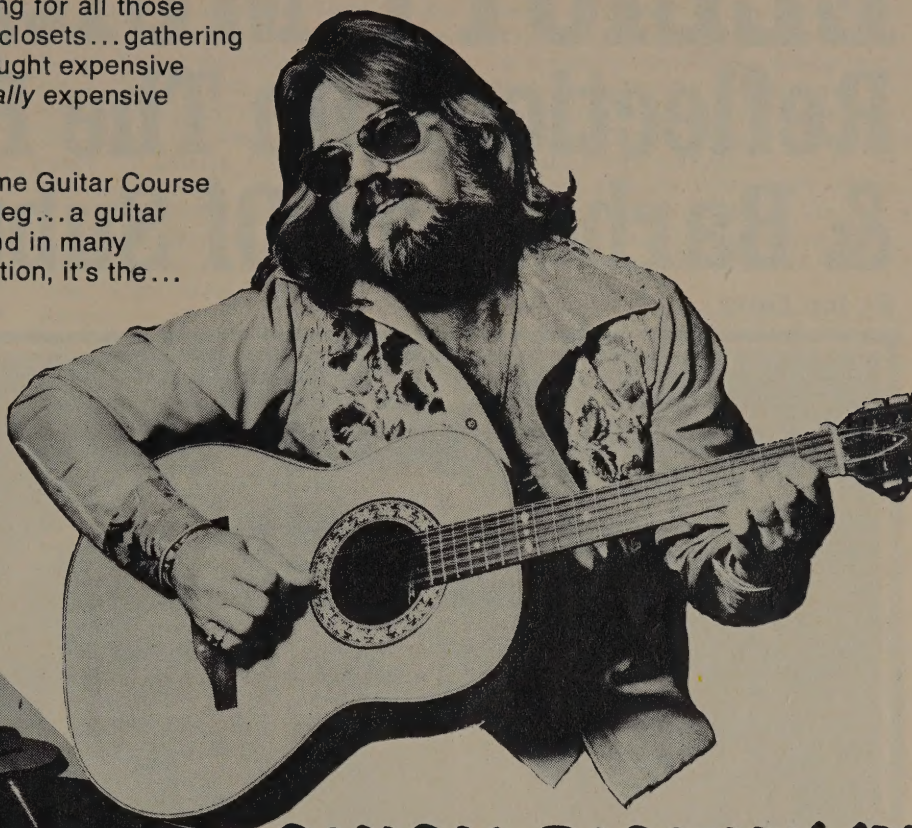
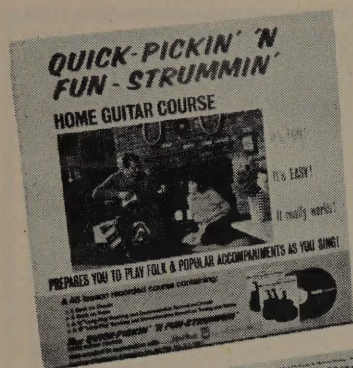
John McKeesport,  
Pennsylvania



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# ELLIOTT MURPHY— Reflections On The Boredom & Barbecues Of Suburban Life

By Ian Dove



Elliott Murphy is used to it, says it doesn't bother him.

He's sitting in his upper East Side apartment, surrounded by his Gatsby, Fitzgerald, Monroe memorabilia and the usual subject has come up.

Elliott Murphy is the new Dylan. The NEW Dylan! And it's only months since we had Bruce Springsteen as the New one, which logically makes Murphy the New Springsteen. And are not Loudon Wainwright and John Prine in there somewhere...?

Anyway the media's search for a neat pigeonhole, a handy tag has landed Elliott Murphy, the poet of the suburban wastelands, with his New Dylan nameplate.

"It really doesn't bother me," he claims. "I'm glad I'm compared to someone I like. I'd hate to be the new Jay and the Americans. I had never seen Bob Dylan play until the last 'comeback' tour with the Band. When 'Like A Rolling Stone' came out I was 12 years old. Today a 15 year kid thinks of Bob Dylan as a country

singer and they know that the Stones are great — after all they come to Madison Square Garden once a year — but really have no idea that Brian Jones was a member. By osmosis they know that the Beatles were once together but don't really care too much about it. Even the musak in the supermarkets are playing 'Mr. Tamborine Man'." (A Dylan song that, when it first came out, was received as an anthem and secret signal for the druggies of those days).

"But you shouldn't allow this Dylan



comparison — actually I think it's only the harmonica on my albums that give it a similar sound — to get at you. I know that people accused Dylan, when he was starting out in Greenwich Village of just being a carbon copy of Woody Guthrie or Ramblin' Jack Elliott. I think it is a drag really but that's the way the media moves, so you ride with it."

The influences on Elliott Murphy's upbringing, he insists, were not Bob Dylan and that crowd. His first turn-on record was none other than Dion's million selling golden oldie, "Runaround Sue" and in the classic tradition of white, middle class suburban youth, he persuaded his mother to buy him a guitar and formed a little band — "before I was ready for it, of course," he admits — and by the time the band was sounding like something the Murphy ears were attuned to the folk music of the day, which was the Kingston Trio, Peter Paul and Mary and the deodorized approach to the Folk Songs of Our Nation.

Now Elliott Murphy claims as his fave rave song the Martha and the Vandellas biggie, "Heave Wave" and says he patterned his singing after Fats ("Don't sing too clearly, mumbling's good for rock 'n' roll") Domino.

They also say about Elliott Murphy that he fired Dr. John and Leon Russell from his first, his very first, record date. What arrogance ... confidence?

Not exactly so, clarifies Mr. Murphy. "The whole session was cancelled before we actually got into the studio in Los Angeles. I got swept up in the whole thing when Polydor sent me to the West Coast to record what the producer was calling a country-rock super session. He heard some demo tracks I did and started calling in Dr. John, Leon, the whole of Poco, Jim Gordon and in the end I decided that country-rock was not Elliott Murphy, the kid from Long Island. They were trying to countryize me, steel guitarize me. I would have come out Crosby, Stills, Nash and Murphy! I wouldn't know myself so I decided to get out. I had some idea of what I wanted. I like to do an album simple, get a raw sound without a lot of studio overdubbing. I hate the studio trip — I can't spend forever in a studio and I'm not into selling record production. I'm selling the songs themselves and my singing.

"I suppose you could call the Los Angeles trip a fiasco from that point of view although I did see Bob Dylan. He was eating in a coffee shop. No, we never met... but then I wasn't the New Bob Dylan then, that came later."

What came later, really, was the Elliott Murphy heard his "Aquashow" album, a collection of tracks that reflect his split level, barbecue, white middle class background and the blues thereof.

Not to mention his special interests — Marilyn Monroe, F. Scott Fitzgerald.

His producer — his NEW producer — Peter Siegel went along with the Murphy approach to recording.

Apart from Elliott's somewhat lookalike brother Matthew the back up

band for "Aquashow" had never played together before and they only rehearsed, says Siegel, for 20 or 30 hours before going into the studio. The tracks for the album were laid down over nine evenings. It was set up so that Elliott could sing and play at the same time rather than add and infiltrate later and most of the album is live vocals. "It was an easy album to make," admits Elliott without selfconsciousness.

At first Elliott, following the Los Angeles breakdown, just wanted to get into the studio and do it. At once. Right then. Right there. The fact that Al Kooper was recording nearby and Elliott had always liked his keyboard work seemed fateful so Elliott approach Mr. Kooper. Mr. Kooper declined but suggested Frank Owens who did the keyboard work on — wait for it — Bob Dylan's "Highway '61." and "Like A Rolling Stone" Elliott asked Owens whether he played piano or organ on those sessions and was somewhat surprised by the 'I don't remember' answer. But that's the studio musician for you.

Ex Byrds drummer Gram Parsons completed the ensemble, all new to Murphy's songs but brother Matthew who had been hearing them all his life and had been taught to play bass originally by his big brother Elliott.

The special interests in Elliott Murphy's writing seem to be growing —

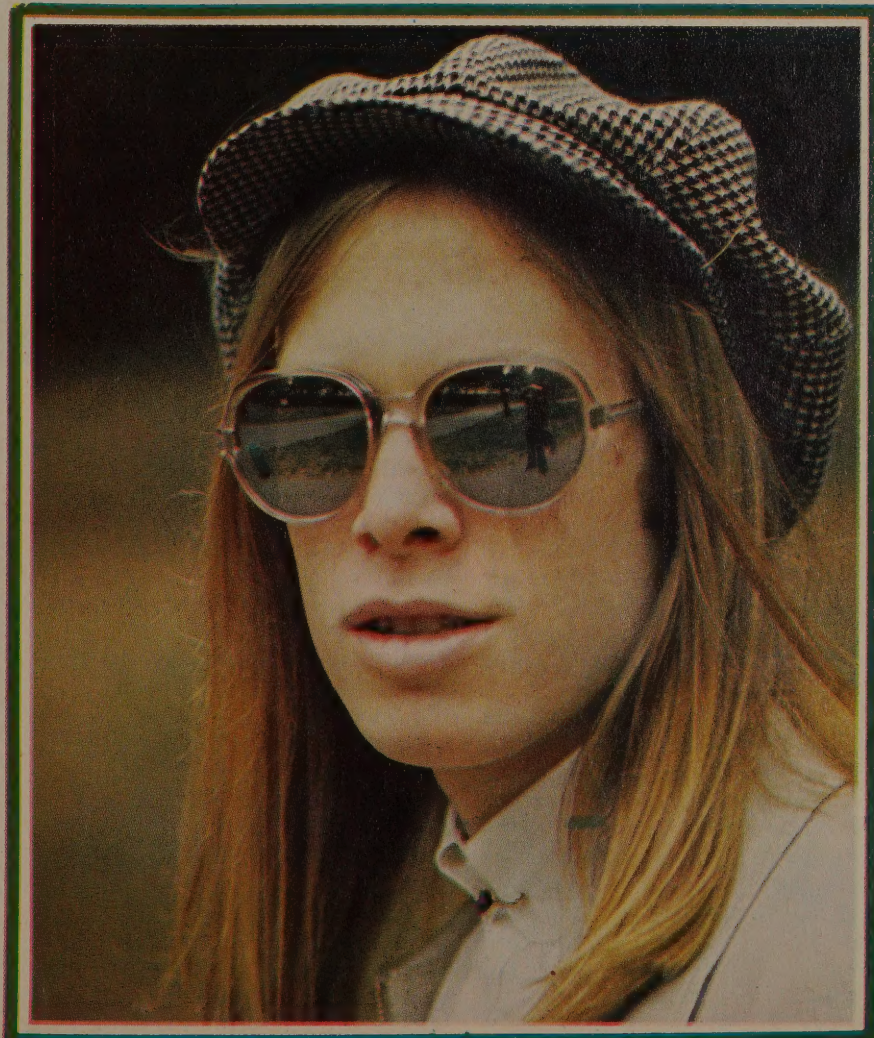
he was a touchy song called "The Love Song of Eva Braun" (Adolph Hitler's mistress and last minute wife) that he wants to include in his next album. ("Hitler was a terrible, horrible man, but he is history," says Elliott, adding that it keeps on happening over and over and that he might do songs about Alexander the Great, Genghis Khan, a whole album of history rock perhaps.)

Elliott Murphy seems quite content with the musical side of his life and is already making plans for writing a novel — the next stage, he maintains. After this comes films.

He has already appeared in one film, "Rome" a surreal epic by bizarre Italian director Fellini. Elliott was travelling in Italy, stopped off in Rome hoping, through a contact with Farley Granger to do some spaghetti Westerns, no less. Eventually he ended up in Fellini's studios — the people making the Western movies were in Yugoslavia or somewhere shooting — and did some scenes for the film, a lot of which ended in classic fashion. On the studio floor.

Still Fellini, Rome, Gatsby, Eva Braun — it's all experiences and seems a long way for someone who is only supposed — the media again — to reflect the life and times, the boredom and the barbecues of suburban life.

And do it all sounding like the new B\*b Dyl\*n. □





# The Muldaur Mystique

By Barbara Charone



Maria Muldaur is a tease. That sexy helplessness she exudes by asking 'Won't You Feel My Leg' is only half the story. She'll turn the charm off and on, innocent appeal one minute and foxy mischief the next while her top forty success was no accident, made by just another overnight sensation. That Muldaur Mystique has been ten years in the making.

More than just a pretty face, her voice garners all the praise as she slides through rock, country twang and sentimental ballads. Raised on a steady diet of hootenannies and Greenwich Village folk clubs, a six year stand with the Jim Kweskin Jug Band primed Maria for the big time. After two albums with husband Geoff, they parted ways forcing her to pursue a solo career.

Right now she's sitting in a flowery

chinese restaurant just off Sunset Boulevard, gobbling up tasty hors d'oeuvres, talking in bouncy vivacious speech patterns in between mouthfuls. "Gosh," Maria sighs long hair flowing, "I didn't know *what* I was doing with that first album. I'd been with my old man Geoff for ten years in the same band so I didn't know much about being the focal point of a musical project. Even though we'd always enjoyed a certain amount of success among a choice fourteen people," she says with giggly schoolgirl sarcasm, "I saw making the album as a survival measure.

"When I first had an inkling I'd be doing the album, I hung out in a Woodstock studio watching Bonnie Raitt record. She was a great inspiration to me. After seeing someone in command of their instrument and voice, I realized that

it was possible to do things right. I'd stand behind the glass in the control room with my mouth open in awe!"

"When I came out to Los Angeles, I was just hoping the album would support me for the next couple months. I never even dreamed it would sell," she says honestly of the solid gold record. "Even when everybody told me the album was climbing up the charts, it took a really long time for me to believe it was a concrete thing."

With a debut album featuring a star studded cast of able bodied session musicians, there was the obvious danger that Maria Muldaur would get lost in the shuffle between virtuoso performances and overblown egos. There's no sticker on the record boasting of the famous names who supplied a professional push to the up 'n coming singer.



"Everyone was eager to help rather than lay ego trips on me. The musicians helped bring out of me exactly what I wanted. Even though I often didn't know what I wanted, they'd coax it out of me. Things just materialized in the studio.

"We had hired Dr. John to play an old style blues that he doesn't get to play very often so he enjoyed it. After the session he came up to me and said," Maria imitates his raspy New Orleans gumbo drawl, "Ya know if I go into my satchel I bet I got a tune or two for you." Sure enough he gave me 'Three Dollar Bill'.

It's that spontaneous energy that makes Maria Muldaur entertaining on stage and record. Yet the record wasn't any instant success, gradually gaining commercial acceptance. A small club tour followed where the intimate nightclub atmosphere exploited her obvious assets. Eight months after the album's release and a cross country tour with Stephen Stills, Maria Muldaur was hot property.

"That tour with Stephen Stills was the first time in my musical career that I wasn't in the headlining band so it was quite a challenge to win people over and get them to listen. A little of the subtlety in my music was lost playing big halls and having short time limits on the set. I never had the luxury of doing a beautiful laid back ballad like Lover Man. I had to keep things moving along," she says cynically, "Because they've got very short attention spans out there.

"But I did learn how to boogie with the audience which is a whole other thing. I learned how to relate to a different energy level than the club situation I had been used to. I really put a big one under my belt," she chuckles.

Relating to another performer's audience taught Maria much about entertaining. Always anxious to pick up another pointer in that never ending book of rules of the road, she views her new found success carefully, one eye looking towards those rock 'n roll casualties stranded at the side of the road. This ability to maturely view things in perspective will ultimately gain her musical staying power.

"Sometimes I'd get mad at the critics that would rave about me and then pan Stills when he played well. Things like that taught me that when you're on the way up everybody wants to be the one to discover you. Maybe after a couple albums I'll do some material that isn't to someone's

liking and they'll be ready to shoot me. I'm glad I was able to observe that particular show-biz phenomena. Stills has already made it so he's an open target now. Whereas I'm just kinda on the way up so everybody is enthusiastic. You've got to look at it with a grain of salt. It's Maria's young daughter that's impressed with Mom's success. Apparently one school day the little girl approached another friend whose parents make music. "My mother's album is higher," she proudly boasted but Maria gracefully explained that chart numbers aren't all that important.

"What counts is the music. Your record can be number one with a bullet but if the music you're making doesn't feel right it's torture. All this career stuff means shit," she says defiantly. "Now that I'm settled into the music I just want to concentrate on getting a permanent band together. That band I toured with was mostly a catch as catch can group."

Despite the fact that she makes little boys drool and grown men weep, Maria Muldaur has no desire to be someone's sexy little plaything. Those 8X10 color midriff glossies are only one side of the ever changing Muldaur image. Maria stubbornly won't let herself get trapped in any image, sex object or otherwise.

"Sometimes I'll go out on stage in a raggedy ann sweatshirt and dungarees because I don't want to get trapped in an image. I started wanting to test whether it was just everybody's impression of me as a foxy chick or whether the music could reach people no matter what I looked like which is ultimately more important. I don't want to fade into the woodwork," she says avoiding that treacherous rock 'n roll destructo phase. "I want to be a musician for a long, long time. I'm wary of that image trip cause I'm not going to get any cuter. Every so often I'll go off and do something completely different, something you wouldn't expect of me."

A sexy come on one night, a cold professionalism the next expose only two sides to this woman. For every 'Feel My Leg' there's a tender love song. "People are always asking me why I recorded 'Feel My Leg' but it's just a funny kind of song that's just one of the many emotions I express. It's a good natured spoof and if anybody wants to get political about it they should find a better song.

"I saw this Marilyn Monroe special on television," she relates feasting on another chinese tid-bit." They

showed footage of her wiggling up on stage in front of acres and acres of soldiers exuding all this beautiful female energy. I see nothing wrong with that. Unfortunately Marilyn Monroe got trapped in that image cause she thought that was all she could do. Seeing her though made me realize that if I'm feeling that juicy one night then I'll exude that. But I ain't gonna apologize for anything," she threatens.

When she's not touring or making albums, Maria spends time in the sanctuary of Woodstock gardens and waterfalls. With a new album due out shortly and a headlining fall tour, success is catching up with the lady. Too wise to foolishly jeopardize a lifetime career for a brief fling with stardom, Maria Muldaur concentrates on the magic in the music.

"What I like to do at concerts is get the audience to sing with me so it's beyond that 'gee what a great set of pipes.' Ideally the audience should be completely into that one moment, forgetting there's a lead singer so we're all in it together. What can I tell you," Maria flashes a grin finishing up the last of the hors d'oeuvres. "I'm no transvestite. I don't set myself on fire. All I want to do is sing." □





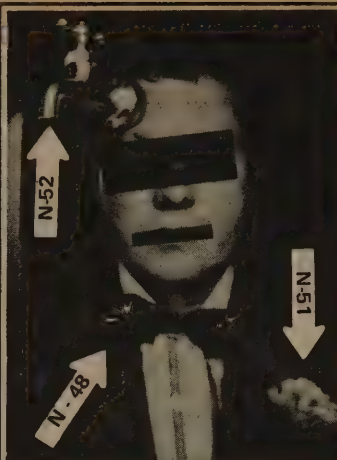


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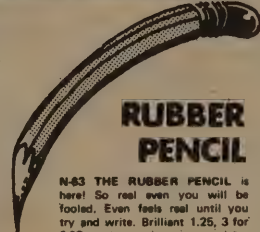
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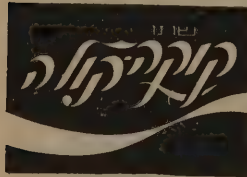
**Y-73 GABLE**



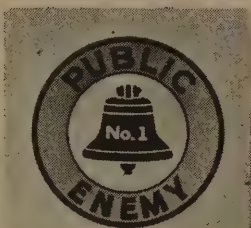
**Y-131 FRIENDLY REMINDER**. Full color 11" x 17" on heavy stock. \$1.00



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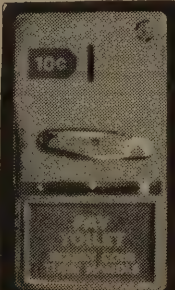
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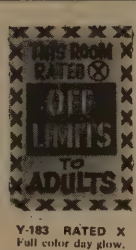
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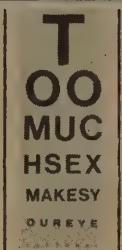
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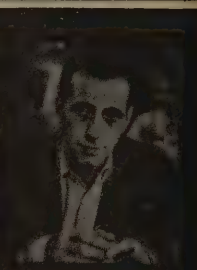
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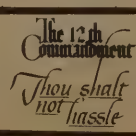
**Y-382 BE PREPARED GIRL**. Scout classic full color poster only \$1.98



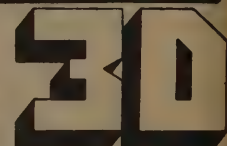
**Y-400 WORK DILIGENTLY WITH INTEGRITY**. You get your just reward. Full color on heavy stock. 12" x 17" \$1.00



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**Y-300 30 POSTER!!** 23" x 29", with special glasses \$1.98









# ROCK & ROLL HOTLINE

By Lisa Robinson

Get this. Bowie left Atlanta, after a successful gig there, and was on his way to perform in Tampa, Florida. The elaborate and complex set that he's used on this tour was all packed up in the truck - also on its way to Tampa, when it seems as though a bee flew into the truck and stung the driver in the face. The driver of the truck lost total control of the truck - and it went off the road into a ditch/swamp. They couldn't retrieve the truck - because not only didn't they have the proper equipment on hand, it seemed as though the swamp was full of rattlesnakes ...



Bowie — trouble with trucks

So ... Bowie, trouper that he is (see Leee Black Childers' story this issue), went onstage at Tampa and explained to the audience that he would be willing to do the show minus the set, if it was okay with the audience. Obviously, it was okay -

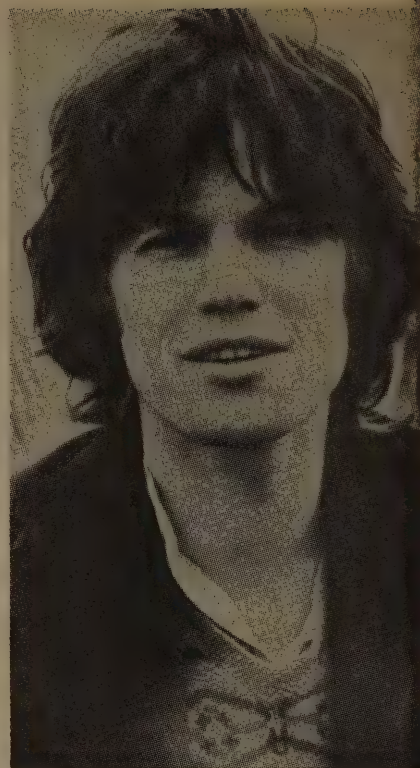
and, no surprise to anybody, the show was fabulous. That wasn't the only problem Bowie's had with his truck, meanwhile - seems as though when he did Madison Square Garden, they had to unload the set a day earlier *on the street* - because the ramp leading up to the Garden was only 12 feet high, and the truck was 13 feet. And, according to promoter Ron Delsener, at least 12 extra men had to be hired to help set up the props for Bowie's two Garden shows.

When Eric Clapton played at the Garden, everyone was expecting Pete Townshend to show up and help out on "Layla". Pete would have been on hand - but he couldn't get off the set of "Tommy" in London. Mick Jagger did turn up though - but only for a week of business in New York. He went to see Eric play at the Garden, but didn't go onstage with him. (See Clapton story this issue.) He did watch him from the wings however, with Atlantic Records' Prexy Ahmet Ertegun and Clapton manager Rober Stigwood by his side.

Although Gregg Allman and Dickie Betts were also standing on the stage during Clapton's set - the only one who actually got in front to jam with Eric at the end of the concert - during the encore of "Little Queenie" - was Todd Rundgren.

Rumours are that The Dolls didn't go to England due to some bounced checks. Meanwhile, they opened a 5,000 seat arena in Boston a few weeks back - The Amory, and may go back into the studio and cut another single ... Chris Jagger was at The Bottom Line in New York where he performed for a week. He was sweet - and attracted a rather large following of young ladies with cameras, but seemed a bit ill at ease on a stage.

In many instances his phrasing sounded more than just a bit like his brother's (can't be helped, one would guess); his band was quite



Chris Jagger got all the groupies out at the Bottom Line.

good ... Jobriath, the dragrock "star" who was to have performed for one month at Radio City Music Hall or at the Paris Opera according to his manager, opened his tour instead at the Joint In The Woods in Parsipanny, New Jersey ... Other stops included The Happy Medium in Chicago and Ebbets Field in Denver.

Bad Company had an amazingly successful two month tour here. Opening in Houston and Dallas - they received a congratulatory telegram from Led Zeppelin the night of their first gig. Paul Rodgers - lead singer of the group, wrote a song titled "Shooting Star" on the plane coming over to the States, and they quickly worked it into the act.

Apparently Roger Daltrey was so good in his cinematic debut in "Tommy" that director Ken Russell wants him to have the leading role in "The Franz Liszt Story" .... Elephants Memory have made a film with the Hell's Angels .... Burton Cummings to star in a movie about a rockstar with Lynn Redgrave and Ralph Richardson?.... The Pretty Things will be the next act on the Swan Song label, with an lp out hopefully in September. LP was produced by Norman Smith, who did one of their previous albums.

Nico was supposed to be signed to Island - and then it seems as though she gave an interview to an





Nico — a girl with a sense of humor.

English music paper where she said she had no intention of recording an album for them; she just wanted to "steal" some money from whoever would give it to her ... Seems that Island didn't have much of a sense of humor, or they didn't understand that the sultry and mysterious chanteuse never really means what she says when she says things like that.

Anyway, they demanded a public apology from her before they went into any studio - and things now seem in limbo. Island meanwhile, forges ahead with such forthcoming lp product as "January 1, 1974" (the album of the Eno/Nico/John Cale/Kevin Ayers concert), John Cale's solo lp due out late this

summer, Eno's lp, and Bryan Ferry's next solo. (See review section for future reviews). Eno himself has been in the States recently to do a bit of promotion on his own behalf.

The Crosby, Stills, Nash & Young tour certainly had its problems. Lots of concerts were postponed, some of the concerts received highly unfavorable reviews ... but the group continued to create excitement, and draw unbelievably huge crowds wherever they did perform ... When Cat Stevens performed at Madison Square Garden, he used Joshua Television's two huge video projection screens — a very good idea for large arenas where kids can't see at the back ...

.... Genevieve Waite debuted her solo lp, produced by hubby John Phillips — at Le Club in New York. Mick Jagger — who sez Genny is his favorite vocalist (?) was on hand for the party. Jagger, in fact, was in New York for a week to do some business, went back to London to get Bianca, and then moved into Andy Warhol's Montauk summer house for the month of August ... Lots of British rockstars will move here this year because of the tax situation in England. The latest ones to be looking for houses in upper New York State and Connecticut are Emerson, Lake and Palmer.

Todd Rundgren's finished producing Felix Cavaliere's album for Bearsville Records; now he'll do his own .... David Bowie resting up from the grueling month; after a one-month hiatus where he'll reside at New York's Sherry Netherland Hotel, David goes back out on the road .... this time to do the West Coast with the "Diamond Dogs" show .... and rumors are that Eric Clapton, after he finishes this tour,

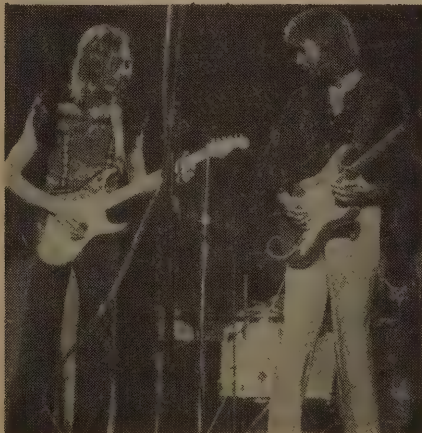
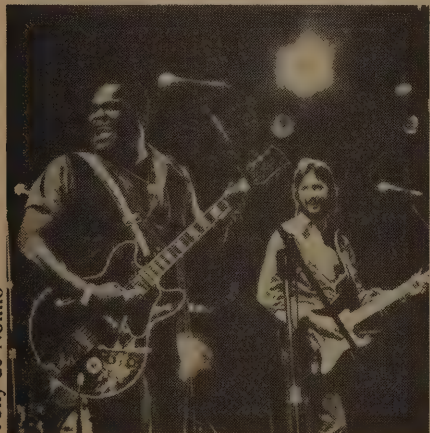


David Gahr

Zepplin's Robert Plant and manager Peter Grant dip into each other's pockets as they chat about Swan Song.

will go back into the studio to record another lp???? ....

"Your Hit Parade", the highly successful TV show of the 1950's, will be returning to TV this year. First seen as a "mini-series" in CBS-TV this summer, there is a good chance that the show will become a regular reality this winter. Hosts on a steady basis would include the likes of Bo Donaldson and the Heywoods, The Stylistics, the Hues Corporation, and other top recording artists. Current hits as well as standards would be on each week ... and it sounds like a good idea. □



Bob Gruen

Eric Clapton jammed with Freddie King at Roosevelt Stadium in New Jersey, ... Todd Rundgren at Madison Square Garden in New York ... and Mick Jagger — all in white — watched from the wings.

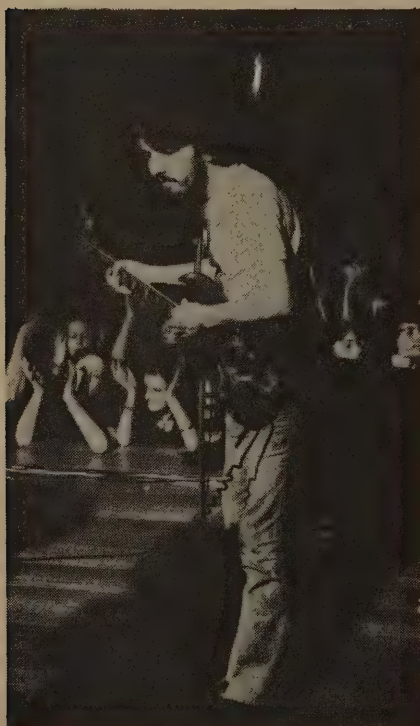




**Man  
Rhinos, Winos &  
Lunatics**  
(UA 247)

**Ducks Deluxe**  
(RCA LPL-1 5008)

**The Sutherland Brothers  
& Quiver  
Dream Kid**  
(Island SW-9341)



Beneath the bombast and heavyweight amplitude of top level British progressive rock (Yes, ELP, Led Zeppelin), there has always sat



a second generation of bands dealing a bit more within the reach of most mortals. They're known primarily in England, coupled with modest success over here; and the music they make, while not pretending to change the world, is uniformly tasteful and excellent, a testament to the craft of rock and roll in its purer strains.

Brinsley Schwartz probably sets the basic limits of the style, though the differences between each of the upcoming bands are so great as to be practically unlumpable. Their main distinction is that no matter where their individual directions may take them, they always retain the flavor of a local band, happier in many ways to be playing before friends and relatives than anyone else. The Brinsleys have shifted through a variety of image and philosophical changes to arrive at this fortuitous conclusion, and the others - though big careers may yet be in the offing - don't seem likely to lose their personal touch in the same way.

Man are from Wales, and either in spite or because of it, their source is San Francisco, circa late sixties. Live, they're all long solos and pulsating lights, but on record they've become more song-oriented of late. Their newest, *Rhinos*,

*Winos & Lunatics* has notched a secure position on the underside of the British album charts and they're touring strenuously. They've just completed their first American go-round, *loved* California, and finished in New York with a set under Hawkwind that insured their hasty return. Man lead guitarist Deke Leonard also has a couple of excellent solo albums (*Iceberg*, *Kamikaze*) which bear fruitful investigation.

Pub-rock - the Limey equivalent of bar bands - had a brief flurry of media excitement in England about a year ago, and the aptly-named Ducks Deluxe were one of the prime benefactors. After much negotiation, they signed with RCA and produced an album that left many of their ardent (and somewhat sodden - the English don't go to a pub to hold hands) followers disappointed.

While there is merit to the argument that they've softened their previously frenzied attack, I think in doing so they've quite unconsciously turned up an odd species of the form that graciously works, satisfying yet not cataclysmic. Cracking the wall is easy, but those who roll you over subtly and with a lighter touch are in some ways that much more renewing. The Ducks do a great "Nervous Breakdown", a swampy "Daddy Put The Bomp", and an amazing Beatles cop called "Please, Please, Please", an equally riveting Bowie cup o' sugar named "Fireball", and more that shows how full well they know their medium.

The most pleasant surprise of the year as far as I'm concerned comes from a group that is really two. Quiver was a solid third-bill band with no place to go when they joined forces with the Sutherland Brothers, songwriters and performers who were similarly finding little outlet for their work. The result was last year's understated hit single, "(I Don't Want To Love You But) You've Got Me Anyway", and this year's noteworthy *Dream Kid*, the most studiously listenable album to cross my turntable in many a spin.

SB&Q have no axe to grind, no image to adjust, nothing but the capable power of turning out interesting and above standard songs that insinuate into your imagination with little effort. Muff Winwood oversees the production; highlights are "You and Me", "I Hear Thunder", and the raving "Champion The Underdog".

—Lenny Kaye



# RECORDS

## THE SOUTHER, HILLMAN, FURAY BAND

(Asylum Records 7E-10006)



Souther, Hillman, Furay, Gordon, Perkins, and Harris (with a bit of percussion by Joe Lala) have put together an admirable first album. They demonstrate talent and professionalism that is genuine. They write enjoyable songs and sing them with a pleasant gusto. There's no doubt, they'll be as big (or slightly bigger) than Poco; providing a mystic setting around which a clique will collect. But they're not the Grateful Dead or the Allman Brothers.

I keep thinking of the Hollies as I listen to the first S.H.F. album. Except for the obvious similarities in harmonies and choral structuring, their music is different. But they have the same place in the rock cosmos.

Any number of the tunes on the S.H.F. band's first album are bright and melodic enough to make it obvious that the band will have hit singles. From the opening notes to Richie Furay's *Fallin' In Love* through the finish of J. D. Souther's *Deep, Dark, and Dreamless*, this band is really good. There aren't many bands that are really good. Buffalo Springfield was one, Poco was, most of the time, another. I should add the early Burritos to my list. Souther, Hillman, and Furay are maintaining a tradition of excellent music that bounces back to the likes of the Beau Brummels (Ron Elliott) and Lovin' Spoonful (Sebastian). It's just that it's not heavy enough to lead to the big big time, if you know what I mean.

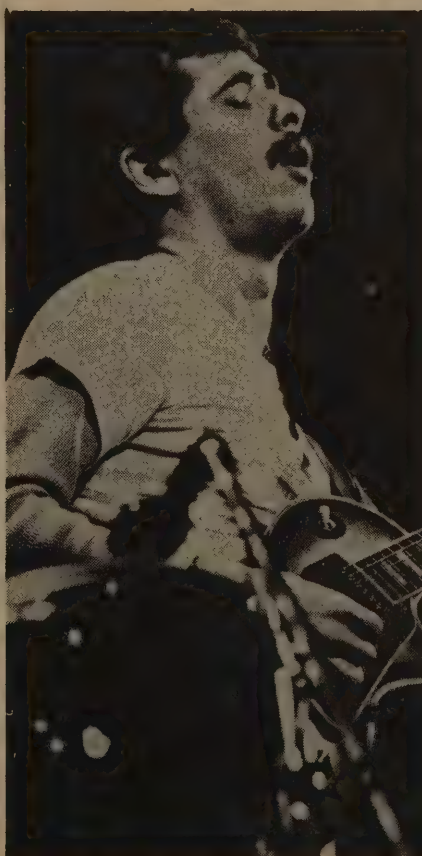
The songs on the first album are good. Souther, Hillman, and Furay each write pleasant material at the very worst. Whether it's Hillman's *Heavenly Fire*, Souther's *The Heartbreaker* or Furay's *Believe Me*, the band has, as they say in the record business: "Got some good material."

The first album is only the beginning. You can hear that as you listen. There's bits and pieces missing. They are proving their viability as a band on this album. Demonstrating why they should stay together, why the record company should work for them, why music fans should give them their attention and money. To be better, and to have that hit single, I think we'll have to wait until the second, possibly the third, album. Delicate, light-weight, country-tinged rock and roll has always been one of the joyous events of rock and roll. The S.H.F. band is attempting to give us more of this music. They've come very close to succeeding this time around, and I have little doubt they'll soon succeed totally.

—John Lemon

## SANTANA'S GREATEST HITS

Columbia PQ 33050



This collection of ten tracks is

taken entirely from Santana's first three albums — which indeed were the group's greatest "hits" and represent the sound which made them famous. From the debut "Santana" album there is "Evil Ways," "Jingo," and "Persuasion," from "Abraxas" is "Black Magic Woman," "Hope You're Feeling Better," "Samba Pati," "Se A Cabo," and "Oye Como Va," and from the third album, also titled "Santana," comes "Everybody's Everything," and "Everything's Coming Our Way." The only conspicuously missing track among those that made Santana famous is "No One To Depend On," which would have rounded things out nicely. Despite that omission, and despite the fact that there are *no* tracks at all from Santana's last three more jazzy albums "Caravanserai," "Love Devotion Surrender," and "Welcome," the "Greatest Hits" album is a valid and enjoyable capsule of the first great Santana era, and a reminder of just how vast the talent of that group — and Santana himself is.

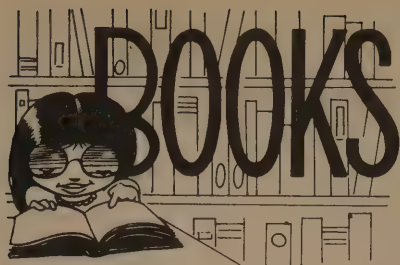
Santana was able to function at two musical extremes — the boiling rock rhythms that made them the true boogie king of Woodstock — and the clean slick almost middle-of-the-road production that made their singles the most commercial Latin Music since Trini Lopez. At the core of this unusual width of talent was Carlos Santana himself, who is second only to Jimi Hendrix as the greatest rock guitarist to come out of America in the sixties; a brilliant tasteful and creative instrumentalist.

The early Santana could sound as straight as Chicago or Blood Sweat & Tears, or as funky as Sly Stone within minutes. If the melodies were occasionally derivative (a trace of "Love Potion Number Nine" in chorus of "Evil Ways," and of "Papa's Got A Brand New Bag" in "Everybody's Everything,") Santana's instrumentals and rhythms were a genuine breakthrough in rock music that was worthy of the phenomenal success they enjoyed. Furthermore, Santana's tracks hold up well a few years later and this album is bound to insure them a permanent place in any musical history of our times.

It is happy news that Santana is "back together" and performing some of their old songs across the land — but one can only hope that Carlos Santana — a true musical giant — will continue to express himself in ways that enlighten and broaden our musical consciousness.

— Daniel Goldberg





# Hot Shots

## HOT SHOTS

By Norman Seeff  
(Flash Books; \$3.95)-

The people who brought you "Idols", "The English Sunrise", and "Rolling Stones (An Unauthorized Biography)" have done it again. This time in the form of a beautifully presented collection of "HOT SHOTS" — photos of Norman Seeff, 90 pix, all special. Norman Seeff is the photographer that the record companies all call upon when they want something particularly special for an album cover. Examples include — The Band's "Stage Fright", Joni Mitchell, the postcard sequence from the Stones' "Exile On Main Street" lp, and more. This book includes previously unreleased photos of the couple of the year — Mr. & Mrs. Sylvester Stone, The Monkees in rather revealing poses, Grand Funk baring all, Andy Warhol, Mick Jagger, Mott the Hoople, Todd Rundgren, Barry White, Stevie Wonder, James Taylor, Patti Smith, Edgar Winter, Cass Elliot, David Carradine, Huey Newton, Cher, Carly Simon, and more .... altogether undoubtedly the photo book of the season.

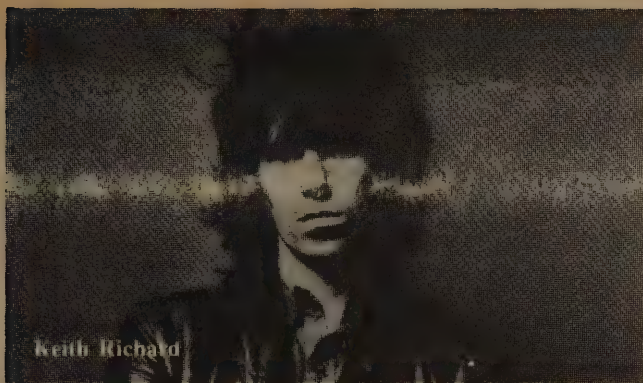
### POEM

*The photographic session  
is a relationship between people,  
working together, playing together, making contact;  
then the formality of being photographed falls away.  
The photograph becomes, not a picture the  
eye sees, but an experience of who we are and what we create together.  
Behind the illusion, behind the fantasy  
of the public image,  
we all love, hate, fear, become children, become serious.  
We are all the same.  
The camera records the moment in the continuity.  
If the moment is real there is no unsureness.  
If we leave behind our desires,  
the anxiety of our needs, the subjectivity of ego;  
if we still our thoughts,  
the veil which obscures the essence is lifted  
and we are open,  
able to see, listen, make contact ...  
We are on the same journey together.*

N.S.  
New York June 1974



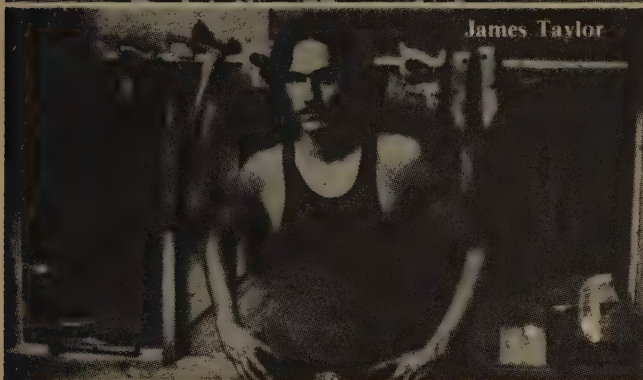




Keith Richards



Patti Smith  
and Robert Mapplethorpe



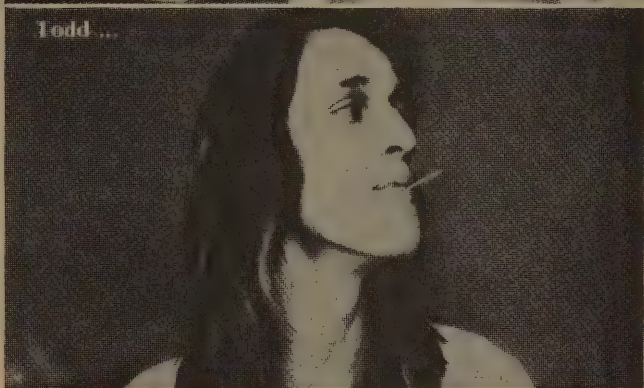
James Taylor



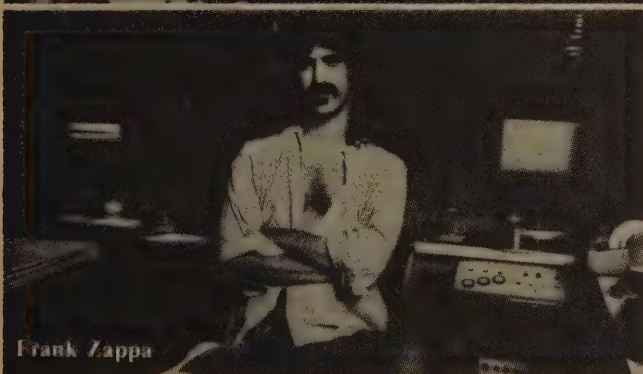
Barry White



Mott



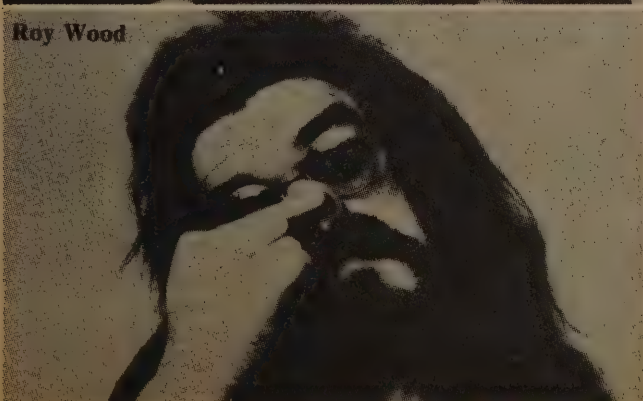
Todd ...



Frank Zappa



Buffy St. Marie



Roy Wood



Bobby Womack

The editors wish to apologize to writer Howard Zimmerman who wrote the review of the Bruce Lee book in the last issue of Hit Parader — we inadvertently left his name off the review. Sorry, Howie!



# ELECTRIC NEWS




By Richard Robinson



There is a surprising amount of traffic in hi-fi components. By the end of any particular week, I'd say that at least a dozen press releases have arrived at my mailbox. New product information (two mimeographed sheets and a glossy photo) advising that the Bonzai QSQ-1896W has been obsoleted by the QSQ-1996W with exclusive integrated circuitry. Hardware styles change as frequently as the software. For every hit album there's a new hi-fi component to play it on.

It costs a record company about fifty cents to put a record in a record store for possible consumption. It costs an electronics manufacturer up to five hundred dollars to get each one of his components to the point of sale. I know that home entertainment is a billion dollar a year business, yet I'm constantly amazed by the steady stream of new products these companies introduce.

I feel compassion for the three parties wired into this game: the electronics manufacturer, the consumer, and the

journalist writing about electronics. All of us are at the mercy of the next advance in large scale circuit integration, but I'll take me first. I'm trying to correlate and report on the latest in home entertainment hardware. The proliferation of equipment, the sheer volume with which amplifiers, tuners, speakers, turntables, and the like are introduced, makes me feel like I've had a haystack dropped on me. Every time I sit down to write up the new cassette machine, there's a newer cassette machine. Frequently from the manufacturer of the first new machine.

Obviously, stiff competition in a market that rewards success with enormous sales has driven the manufacturers to their present output. *I should worry!* Companies like Sony, Panasonic, RCA, GE, Pioneer, et al, are living in a constant state of the future. The sophistication to which they've pushed contemporary electronic technology is impressive. The toys they've worked up in the laboratories promise that as long as the consumer has money to spend, there'll be new things to

buy.

What about the consumer? Well, this is where it falls down. The average Joe and Josephine aren't versed in the potentials of liquid crystal displays or solid state display devices. They've never read a vu meter in their lives. They think chromium dioxide is a miracle ingredient in floor cleaners. They're also pretty sure that solenoid is an Eastern European religion.

So when they stop by their local hi-fi store with the best intentions of buying a new stereo, they're stopped cold. What do they know of wattage and dB's? How are they to select the right amplifier from endless shelves of amplifiers, each with more knobs, dials, switches, and buttons than the one next to it? Strangely enough, it seems to be a buyers' market. Certainly many of the finer items are fair traded and even those available for discount aren't reduced by much. But the amount of equipment in circulation, the number of models and lines, has produced such chaos that the buyer may be encouraging economic disaster by pas-





sing up a company's equipment.

So that company puts out newer equipment with more knobs and dials and hopes for the best.

The biggest problem is that there are so many different lines of hi-fi equipment, such a range of manufacturers, that it's impossible to be familiar (or even know about, at times) the products on the market. Even though I keep up with it, I'd be willing to bet that for every new amplifier I hear about there's another one introduced without a press release. Among the dozens and dozens of new pieces of equipment I do know about, I hardly have time to hear them in operation. And I'm interested, not just shopping for a new stereo between a trip to the department stores and picking the kids up after school.

Because competition is stiff and gains are high, several electronic philosophies have developed. Different companies will have different ways of looking at the production of electronic equipment.

RCA will make a color tv tube one way, Sony another. Even more critical, amplifier and speaker manufacturers will subscribe to totally different methods of producing sound. It is entirely possible to buy a five hundred dollar amplifier and a five hundred dollar pair of speakers and not have them work. What other industry boasts such potential confusion? And all in the name of better, more exciting sound!

I wish I could give some advice to rock fans who want to buy hi-fi equipment, but the only thing I can say is: trust your ears. The final sound is really important. The wattage, efficiency, tracking weight, and other variables used to attain that sound are to be considered, but none can be allowed to affect how you react to what you hear. If the amplifier with three knobs gives better sound than the amplifier with fourteen knobs plus three blinking red lights, then control yourself and get the simpler amp.

I'd also advise you to do a little reading

up on the subject of hi-fi's just before you buy. A copy of *Audio* or any of the other electronic hi-fi magazines at your newsstand will give you plenty of ads to look at plus a few equipment reviews and comments. Then I'd also advise that you stick to brand names. While there are many new products from new companies, hi-fi salesmen are all too eager to sell you the items they get the highest commissions on, despite the potential of the equipment to perform satisfactorily for more than a week.

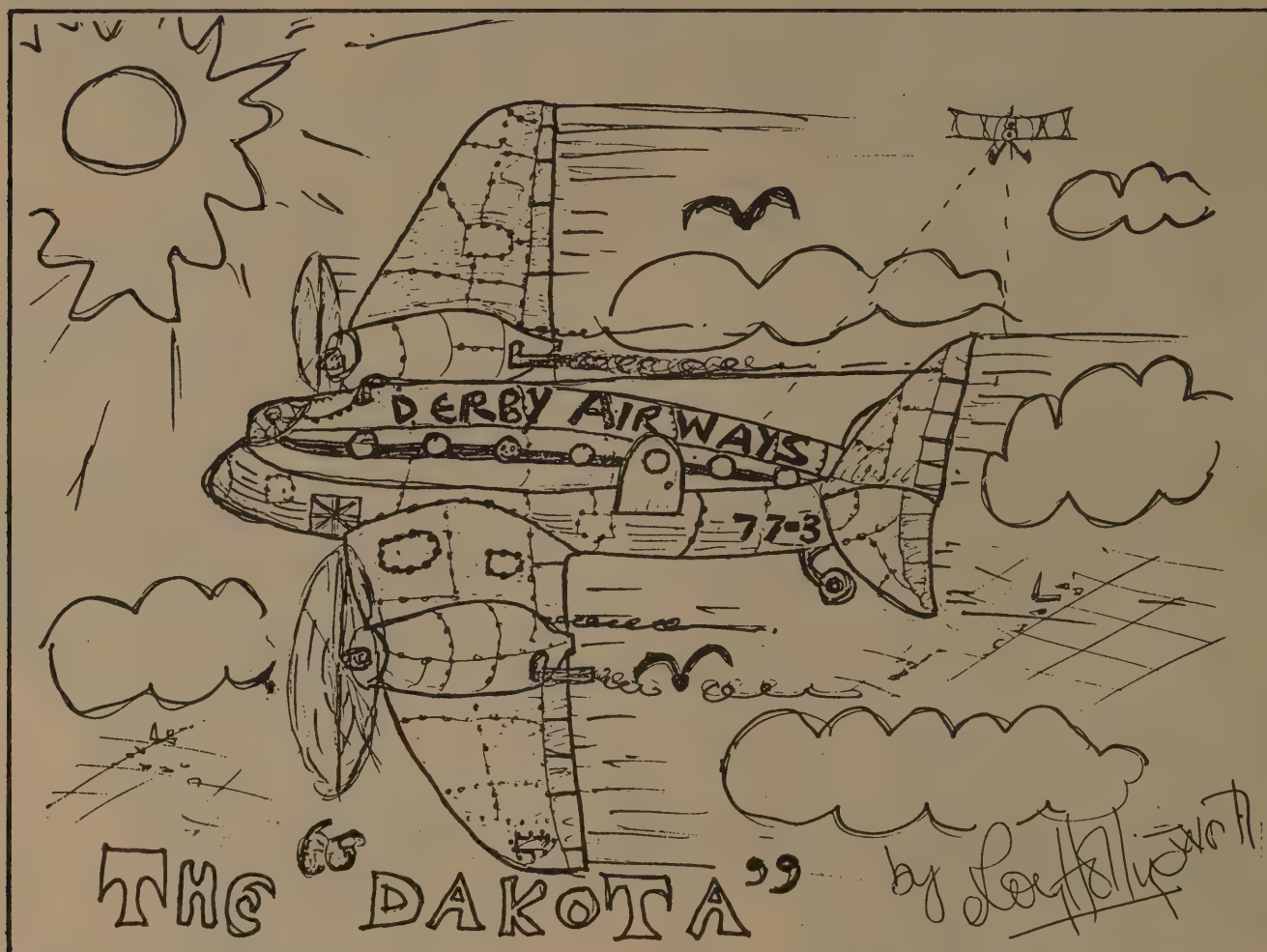
But my main suggestion is to use your ears. Take a copy of your favorite album along and listen until you hear what you like. Then ask how much it costs. When they revive you, remember that it's better to buy what you want (even if you have to save your pennies for some time) than to get something which will not only be obsolete tomorrow, but doesn't deliver today.

Hi-fi equipment is expensive and there are no bargains, only less effective equipment. □



# AEROPLANES

By Roy Hollingworth



Heaven is sat on an aeroplane with a bellyfull of brandy, eight miles up with rock and roll on the headphones, and a thousand miles between you, and any point of land. That is heaven.

Hell is sat on an aeroplane with a bellyfull of butterflies, half-a-mile up in the middle of a thunderstorm, with one engine gone and a stewardess crying. That is Hell.

And when it was Hell, I was sat next to B.P. Fallon, the lovely and famous rock and roll guru; and next to him was Led Zeppelin's road manager, Richard Cole. It was an Air France 707. We boarded it in a hurry at Paris Orly Airport. On taking off, one engine stalled and croaked. That left three. The aeroplane hung sideways. It dropped. Fallon looked at me, I looked at Cole. As Lennon would aptly put it: "Right boys, over the top."

Time for famous last words — but there were none. Except maybe an utterance from Cole, who in a

whisper asked a corpse-like stewardess if she could fetch him a drink. The aeroplane dropped again, and twisted sideways. "Who the fuck is flying this?" inquired Cole. "Cool it man" said B.P. — "the boys (Zeppelin) will remember us as being heros, man." Oh shut up Beep, heros always die mate, and I've got a darts match tonight; and always wanted to write my mother a very nice farewell note; but not on an Air France napkin in ball point pen. That's cheap. Why didn't we just snuff it on take-off, instead of being hung here like a paper lampshade in a windy room. Large pools of sweat flooded the life-line crossing the palm of my hand.

"Worry not," said B.P. "I remember when....."

"And there was that time that Page and myself were flying to....." added Cole. We appeared to be flying at 45 degrees at no speed whatsoever, and dropping, awkwardly. When you think you're going to die, the memory does indeed flash whole chapters of

your life in front of you. Flash! Here is a picture. Remember this one. Insert slide one. Childhood.

Now about six or seven miles outside of Derby, Derbyshire, England, was a place called Burnaston Aerodrome, which was where Derby Airways was.

Derby Airways was a pretty good claim to some sort of fame during the 50s and 60s, and also has much to do with rock and roll. The claim to fame was this: Derby, despite its pretty moderate size, was about the only darned city in England to have its very own airline. The place was Derby, and therefore the aeroplanes in Derby were Derbys'. That's why it was called Derby Airways. As kids we were very proud of them. I mean, there was no London Airways, Manchester Airways, Liverpool Airways, or Newcastle Airways — but there was a Derby Airways.

So in England there was BOAC, BEA, and Derby Airways.

The painted legend "Derby



Airways" stretched across the fuselage of about three "Dakotas." The "Dakota" is a very famous aeroplane. It had two propellor engines strapped on the wings and earned medals for its role in the Berlin Airlift. It also parachuted troops into Germany, flew through flack as though it were made of thin air, and was the best thing Americans built since the Germans invented the Vaulksvagen. That was a "Dakota." It was shaped like a porpoise posing as a Havana cigar; flew at about 250 miles per hour downhill, and was as solid as a bloody rock.

Pilots will maintain that it was a bastard to fly, but they said the same about the Sopwith Camel — and that won a bloody war. So did the Dakota. It had to — it was built for Derby.

My mother told me as a child that there were anti-aircraft guns on Derby Racecourse. There were about three or four of the big things, and seeing as German bombers preferred a course to Manchester that did not cross Derby, these guns were manned, but seldom used.

The first time they were used was when a silly German bomber meandered across Derby Racecourse, homeward bound after laying eggs on Saltford. Derby Racecourse searchlights picked up the Heinkel, and the gun squad went into action. Their noise shattered windows throughout the surrounding housing area. This caused several injuries to people lying in bed close to windows. Two shells went straight up, and came straight down because they failed to explode. They landed on a house and shattered the roof. Several people manning the guns were bruised by recoils; the whole of Derby was awakened — and the Heinkel flew back to Germany with not so much as a bruise. But he KNEW he'd been over Derby. And he never came back.

It was never printed, but Hilter remarked over a beer that if the people in Derby were willing to shell half the town in search of one bomber, it was a place to keep away from. But Hilter had to go back there. That was when he found out that the people in Derby invented and built the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine.

Now the Rolls-Royce Merlin engine was mounted on the nose of an aeroplane called The Spitfire. It ruined the Luftwaffe, and shot down German aeroplanes like a pair of cymbals squashing a sky-full of gnats.

Propellor aircraft made beautiful noises. They were roaring Hammond organs in the sky, changing key as they changed altitude; speed or direction — whining, humming or pur-



The author (right), his lady love Iris Brown and photog Barrie Wentzell (left) en route to Paris for another stop in the rock & roll crusade.

ring. A First World War dogfight was sheer delight in music. The rattling of machine guns like fire-brand snare-drumming; spluttering and choking like wild vocals in the night; chase-rock-blat-roll. And let's face it, being shot down more than 20 German aeroplanes. He was still only 21 when he went down in flames over France. And his young body was shattered on the floor. There is a statue of him outside Nottingham Castle. It's near a statue of Robin Hood.

A pilot like Albert Ball of the British Royal Flying Corps was a Star. Albert was from Nottingham, good looking, 21-years-old and he shot down more than 20 German aeroplanes. He was still only 21 when he went down in flames over France. And his young body was shattered on the floor. There is a statue of him outside Nottingham Castle. It's near a statue of Robin Hood.

Myself and chums always drink brandy when we fly. I have a reason. I don't know if they do. My reason is that I idolized Albert Ball, and also Eric Von Richtofen (who was a Baron). Now these two flying heros sat in an open cockpit behind a roaring petrol engine. If you sniff petrol fumes for a while you get diarrhea. To combat diarrhea you can drink brandy — which binds the stomach, and the bowels. First World War pilots carried a flask of brandy in flight. So do Rock and Roll War heros. It's also good for the head. Half a dozen cognacs and you can fly through a bloody wall and not feel a thing. Nice.

With a bellyfull of brandy Eric Von Richtofen was called The Red Baron. Later people sang a song about him, and it made No. 1 in the charts. You see, this really DOES have much to do with rock and roll.

The first aeroplane I ever met was a patched-up Dakota that took me from a grass airfield in Surrey, to Paris, France. It took off in a rainstorm, and being only 14-years-old, and impressionable it sounded like this:

"Brrrrrrrrraaaaaaa fffffff!"

Boeing 747s go: "Shoooooooooosh." Such is the progression in aeroplane

music.

Then I had the experience of watching and hearing a four-engined Lancaster bomber take-off. Four big, big propellers. The rumble massaged your innards. The drone massaged your head. When I first saw a group called The Pink Floyd they were a squadron of Lancaster bombers in flight. Heavy, magnificent, beautiful. This was ethereal music. Flying music. Syd Barrett was Eric Richtofen — and he knew it.

Many years later I was sent by my paper to Detroit, Michigan, America. I had never been to America. It was a long way away. way away.

It was on this trip that I found Heaven. And Hell.

I flew in a Pan-Am 707 to Detroit. Seven miles up there was "L.A. Woman" from the Doors flooding my headphones. I had partaken of brandy. And as the audible steady rush of air passed over the wings, I was in heaven.

If they'd have played "Eight Miles High," I would have just opened the door and flown out.

Coming back was different. After taking off from Detroit the 707 developed trouble and landed in Boston. Twelve hours later I landed in Amsterdam, Holland, which was a bit of a surprise to all, because we were supposed to land in London. It turned out that Heathrow Airport was foot bound, and without telling anybody, the Captain had crossed the Channel and landed elsewhere.

We were given Pan-Am vouchers to spend at leisure — but first things first. I had now been about 16 hours in transit, and my delightful red socks were beginning to grow on me (literally). Casting a glance around me, I headed for the gentlemen's toilet, locked myself in a cubicle, ripped my socks off, and giving them a brief "bon voyage" flushed them down the toilet. Those faithful red socks were the first part of my make-





Bob Gruen

up to suffer what I now call "Transit Rot."

It's quite easy to spot a sufferer of Transit Rot. He sits with a boarding card shoved into his top pocket, scratching his greasy hair while he plays with a beer. He watches the flight departure board with the anguish of a gambler watching the results of a horse-race come in. "Pan-Am 714 — Departure delayed" — in other words the horse refused to leave the gate.

Walking across the lounge, my feet feeling naked inside my boots, I spotted my dear chum Rick Wakeman who was in stage three of Transit Rot. Pouring more beer down his chin than face, Rick bellowed that he'd been at the airport for what appeared to be days. He looked like he had. We swapped stories, got exceedingly drunk, and then were both called to our respective gates. Some time later we were both sat at the bar again — our flights being delayed once again. We drank again, and I remember nothing more than arriving in London after 28 hours in transit. Anything to declare? Yes, insanity.

Insanity is actually a vital ingredient to one's make-up in air-travel. The more you do travel the more insane you *have* to become.

My companion in the air was usually Barrie Wentzell. We lived in the same house, shared the same bot-

tle of wine, and worked for the same paper. We were an inseparable team — Hollybush and Wendell. We did much damage.

A memorable flight with Barrie comes back to me. About three years ago the Germans held "British Week" in Berlin. There were the usual displays of cutlery from Sheffield, cars from Birmingham, bagpipers from Glasgow, battleships from Plymouth, and of course, aeroplane-engines from Rolls-Royce, Derby, Ltd. They had also arranged for a display of British rock 'n' roll groups, who assembled on the tarmac at Stanstead Airport, and gazed in bewilderment at the chartered Channel Airways Comet jet-liner, which was pointing towards Germany. Comets are extremely famous aeroplanes. They were among the first jet airliners to be unleashed upon the sky. They were wonderful looking things, all streamlined and stylish. They were incredibly fast, and could take off on a six-pence. Their only trouble was the awful habit of exploding in mid-air very frequently. This was because the engines were so powerful they had a tendency to leave the rest of the aircraft in flight. We all gulped.

Brandy flasks were emptied before the Comet was boarded. It took roadies and ground-crew about three hours to load-up the vast tonnage of speakers, amplifiers, and equipment

that fed the groups — Soft Machine, Family, and Yes. With only half the equipment in, the storage holds were full. This meant taking out half the seats inside the Comet, and strapping down more equipment. By this time we'd all wandered back to the Airport bar, and spending expenses on large draughts of liquor. Bets were being placed as to whether the Comet would take-off. It was 5-4 "on" when boarding time came.

Well, we did take off. We appeared to use the entire length of the runway, plus a couple of smallish trees at the end of it. Even then, after this amazing run-up to the sky, the Comet refused to rise higher than about 300 feet. Despite objections from a plump stewardess, cigarettes, joints, and beers were being passed around by the dozen. Various roadies were running up and down the aisle checking their "gear." Patriotic tunes were being struck-up, and Roger Chapman could be observed blowing "rasberries" at the flight deck.

Without warning there was a terrific lurch, and the Comet stood on its tail, and climbed four miles high in about as many seconds. The after-burn from the four Rolls-Royce jets filled the cabin with strange red and orange colours. I wasn't scared of flying at that time, and enjoyed the incredible noise and magnificent sense of speed. The Soft Machine party were, however, seen to be fumbling



over their Tarot cards; Family's Charlie Whitney was drinking Scotch straight from the bottle in large gulps, and the three mis-fit stewardesses were strapped into their seats covered with group decals and abuse. Then came the second lurch.

This appeared to subdue most people, except Mr. Wentzell who was exhibiting his glass of brandy. "Look" he exclaimed. We looked with amazement. His brandy was clinging to the inside of the glass at an angle of about 45 degrees. "Shit," said Stan, one of Family's roadies. "The gear's shifted."

It had indeed. The equipment in the holds had broke loose from the straps and had shifted completely to the right. Despite a book full of maneuvers from the pilots, the Comet was still flying at an absurd angle. We were all told to sit on the left-hand side of the aircraft. This helped a little, but as I remarked to Barrie, it was the first time I'd crossed the Channel sideways. We landed in Berlin like a sack of potatoes, fell out of the Comet and made for the nearest hostelry. Thank you Channel Airways.

British European Airways have a fleet of aeroplanes called "The Trident." They are powered by three Derby built Rolls-Royce jet-engines, and have been responsible for more nervous breakdowns in the rock 'n' roll world than cocaine, heroin, or booze.

Tridents come in three shapes — Trident 1, Trident Two, or Trident Three. These nimrods of the air were not only built to take-off from civilized international airports but from clearings in the jungle where natives are prone to attack suddenly.

BEA employs a fearless cast of pilots seemingly picked from the lists of former stunt-men, circus pilots, or Royal Air Force Fighter Command. Despite the lush areas of concrete at London's Heathrow, Tridents bound

for Paris, Amsterdam, Marseilles, Zurich or Iceland do what I now call the "jungle clearing take-off."

This consists of standing the aeroplane on its brakes at full thrust, until the rubbers start burning and then catapulting the craft into the air at a nerve-shredding 90 degrees. Once these little buggars have levelled out, the cabin steward announced that the bar is now open. I have observed that BEA do incredible business with large brandies after take-off.

My flying nerve was finally broken by BEA. Travelling with Mr. Wentzell to meet David Bowie in Paris, our Trident pilots deemed it fun to take on a massive thunderstorm on arrival in France. Not only take the thunderstorm on, but attempt to shoot the buggar down. We appeared to go through the storm about four times at different heights and angles. We were hit by lightning twice, which snuffed out the cabin lights, and then the crew gave us the wonderful adventure of dropping about 2,000 feet in one swift movement. I drank five consecutive brandies, and started thinking of my childhood, and how I should have been a doctor, or a schoolteacher, or something safe.

Mr. Wentzell sat calm, only annoyed that the bumping was making it difficult to drink.

I switched on my cassette tape recorder, spoke a message home, which was obliterated by the shouts and yells from petrified passengers. After toying with the storm for 20 minutes, the pilot took us down into the worst rainstorm Paris had suffered for many years. I later learned from close sources that Paris Orly Control Tower was warning off flights, and telling them to head elsewhere.

But we had the British equivalent of John Wayne at the controls, and his orders were "Paris," and that was where he was going to land —

nowhere else.

He did. In about thirty swift maneuvers, he hit the deck, skidded crazily, threw on his reverse thrust, and brought us to a sliding halt. Paris Orly officials then closed down the airport until the wicked storm passed.

"You're crazy" said Bowie, who had just returned from the States by ship and train. "They'll never get me up in one of those things," he added.

We traveled back to England with Bowie by rail from Paris to Boulogne, and hopefully to a waiting ship. No ship, instead, a Hovercraft. Bowie was seen to pale quickly. "But it only travels a few inches off the water David" pleaded his loving wife Angie. "Even a few inches off the ground can mean death" said Bowie. I always remember those words. He sat stiffly with a crazed smile on his face as the Hovercraft crossed the Channel.

Then there was the time.....

And the nightmare is now reality, and B.P. Fallon has managed to get drinks from the stewardess, who is looking sickly, and wan. The 707 is in thick clouds and doesn't appear to know its nose from its ass. To balance things out, the pilot cuts another engine, leaving two. Miraculously we limp into London Heathrow. On landing Richard Cole wants to punch the pilot for being a "bloody Froggie maniac."

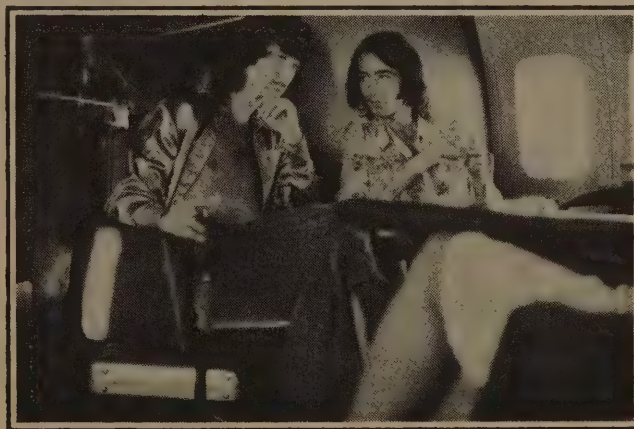
Up here in the Bronx I see an aeroplane a minute going in or out of La Guardia Airport. I say a prayer for each one I see. They're either going through Heaven or Hell.

And yesterday I couldn't believe what I saw. She looked almost surreal flying low and slow and loud. But she was music, old fashioned as she was. She was a transport Dakota. They're still flying. □

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Former Zeppelin road manager Richard Cole (middle) in the air on the way to a typical rock & roll gig ...



Jimmy Page and publicist guru-pal B. P. Fallon engage in a heavy philosophical discussion on board the Led Zeppelin Luxury Liner.



# ON TOUR WITH BOWIE

Text and Photos

By Lee Black Childers



If you recall my story last month on the rigors of touring with Mott the Hoople, you may remember that I resolved that I would indeed go through it all again if someone asked me. Well, someone did — who else but my old friend and benefactor, MainMan. And for what else but the Bowie tour. While not asked to go on the whole tour, I was asked to a portion of it — Toronto and Detroit — my purpose being to photograph the shows and supply MainMan with the shots. This, you may or may not know, is quite a rare privilege. MainMan's rules against photographers at Bowie concerts are legend, and although relaxed considerably this tour, they are still in effect. Since for the past two years during

Bowie's rise to superstardom I had worked exclusively for MainMan, I had always been allowed to photograph when and where I pleased. Just prior to this tour, however, I had severed my ties with MainMan, and was, therefore, not at all certain if I would be allowed to continue my photographic work for Bowie. As you can imagine, their invitation to Toronto was a welcome answer to my uncertainty.

Right off the bat I can tell you that this tour would be nothing like Mott's. Bowie's tours are notoriously well run and disciplined. Everything and everyone is expected to be where he can do the most good and to stay there. Backstage and after the show hotel adventures are almost non-existent since Bowie basically

prefers peace and quiet and Stuart George, his bodyguard, is always there to insure it. Another element that I felt sure would make a difference in this tour was the fact that Bowie was using an almost totally non-rock & roll crew provided by his set and lighting designer, Jules Fisher. Fisher is famous for his work in the theatre and for his adept mounting of such road shows as "Jesus Christ, Superstar." Since it was reasoned that Bowie's show would in many ways be like a Broadway musical on tour, it only seemed logical to get a theatre person to oversee it. So there would be none of the familiar rock and roll roadie faces that you get used to seeing in varying numbers backstage at nearly everyone's shows.







There would also, presumably, be none of the rock and roll fuck-ups you also get used to on nearly everyone's tours. This, I would have to see to believe.

Although Toronto was to be the first performance I would see and photograph, it was not the first of the tour. The tour began two days earlier in Montreal and was, I am told, accompanied by all the madness, excitement, and rooms full of flowers one expects at opening nights. The show, too, came off nicely and everyone danced until dawn. The next night in Ottawa, playing a large arena used mostly for hockey games, it seems the fans went bananas and bent their flimsy metal folding chairs into pretzels and made them into one huge, towering free-form chair sculpture in the middle of the floor. Now that's what I call audience involvement. This must be some show.

So, with the reports of those two nights fresh in my memory I boarded the plane for Toronto. On the plane with me was little Zowie Bowie who would also be seeing the show for the first time this tour. I remember his amazement when over a year before he had seen his father perform for the first time. He was a mere two years old then and the lights and music were enough to astonish anyone. Now, after tucking Japanese and British tours into his realm of experience, he calmly noted that he was going to Toronto to watch Daddy make the money for dinner. After he had made this stop ostensibly to check on things, he was going to accompany his governess, Marion, on a vacation to Scotland while Daddy continued to bring home the bacon in America.

Toronto was to be an important date on the tour. It was the third show, thus allowing the two previous ones as warm-ups. It was also in a theater as opposed to a hockey rink. For these reasons, then, MainMan and RCA decided this would be the show to debut the new Bowie to the "heavy" music press. So, needless to say, excitement was running high.

Due to conventions or summer tourist

influx or something, all the hotels were nearly full. It was impossible to get the huge Bowie entourage in one hotel, so we found ourselves divided among three. The one I was in was the Hotel Windsor Arms, a small, sophisticated inn straight out of another century. It was not the hotel Bowie or the press was at. They had drawn the larger and more modern (24 hour room service) Hyatt Regency. My hotel housed the MainMan executive staff, their guests, and the Bowie family. The road crew was at the third hotel whose name I forget.

Our afternoon arrival left us scant time to prepare since due to the fact that there were two shows that night, the first curtain time was a very early seven-thirty. So, I hurried and dressed and then rushed to Tony Defries' suite where we were to meet for departure to the theatre. There are many people both in and out of the industry who are very curious about Mr. Defries. He is, of course, the other mind (besides Bowie's) responsible for the staggering success Bowie has realized in these past two years. He is also the creator of MainMan complete with all its policies and eccentric demands. To say he has revolutionized the music industry (which has more revolutions than any Latin American country) would be just playing with words. But, there are a lot of other management and record companies who have taken second looks at their own policies after having a gander at his.

Anyway, there isn't much I can tell you about him beyond this. He is not a public person and never, never leaves himself open to scrutiny. I can however, describe to you the scene upon entering his suite at the Hotel Windsor Arms since I find it typical of all times I have entered his suite, in all the grand hotels in cities all over the world. First of all, unless something unforeseen arises, it is always the largest suite in the hotel and in this hotel nothing unforeseen had arisen.

Melanie, Defries' lady, answered the door in a flesh colored satin dressing gown that swept the floor behind her. She

was, of course, not ready yet. The position of the hands on the clock has less meaning in this suite than any place else I have found. They are never on time, but somehow never late. After proceeding down a hall that had many doors that must have led into unused bedrooms I was deposited in a sitting room. Already present were Angela Bowie and Dana Gillespie. Both were stunning — Dana in satin that swirled in shades of purple and Angela in pink and beige chiffon that literally floated on the air.

Gene Tierney was in dark shiny silk, sampling some zubrovka just offered to her by Clifton Webb. ("The Razor's Edge" was on TV.) Had I chosen the movie myself I couldn't have picked a better one. In the movie Gene Tierney, Clifton Webb, Anne Baxter and others are having a light lunch at the Ritz in Paris while soft music plays. The same music complimented perfectly our hotel room as we munched fresh strawberries and sipped a very light white wine.

All that was missing was the zubrovka which Gene Tierney thinks tastes like moonlight on white roses and I think tastes like kerosene. For about half an hour the group of us (some on TV and some in person) listened to the same music and carried on approximately the same conversation. The only exception being that Anne Baxter had managed to leave the Ritz and get herself murdered in this span of time.

Finally, just as Zowie and Marion arrived, Melanie and Defries appeared. Melanie had changed into a gown suitable for public display made of the same exquisite flesh colored satin. Tony Defries was in a very respectable dark brown, three-piece suit — with a matching cigar. "The Razor's Edge" ended with Gene Tierney, the villainess, left alone and crying as we headed out for the concert.

O'Keefe Center in Toronto is a nice respectable theatre that features nice respectable acts for the most part. They were a little concerned about the riots





that might ensue at the Bowie show and had for that reason put on extra security guards. From the looks of the place with its many, uniformed guards, and buzzers that let you move slowly through a series of doors as you prove your validity with various bits of identification, it looked like we were preparing for an appearance by a highly unpopular political figure rather than a pop star.

Suddenly, in the middle of it all appeared the object of all this drama — a slight little figure with tousled red hair, a big smile, and kind of funny eyes. He didn't seem too dangerous and on top of it all he couldn't even talk. That's right folks — two shows to do that night and the star has laryngitis. He could hardly speak above a whisper. In rock and roll there are no little Ruby Keeler understudies waiting in the wings for just such a disaster. No star, no show. So, with about half an hour to showtime the emergency measures began, mainly tea with honey and lemon. He was cautioned not to talk and hustled off to his dressing room to be made ready should his voice return.

The only people inside were Corinne Schwab, his personal assistant, and Jac Colenda, his dresser. Stuey stood guard, everyone else waited. A room had been provided for this purpose equipped with chairs and beer and as Zowie entertained with stories that mostly center around witches and beanstalks and that sort of thing everyone watched showtime come and go. Finally, word came out that although it wasn't too strong, Bowie had definitely come up with some sort of voice and we should all immediately proceed to our seats because the curtain was going up.

I had been thoughtfully provided with a first row seat so I could have a home base from which to shoot my pictures. Angela, Zowie, and the rest of the entourage were in the second row directly behind me. The lights dimmed, the crowd cheered, an anonymous voice announced that Bowie's voice was not all it should be,

and a tape started with everything on it but the "Ode to Joy". Finally, after the tape had taken us through all manner of frightening noises, the music started and out danced Bowie. The pleasant, voiceless guy of an hour before had been magically transformed into a demon of light and music that took hold of his audience and didn't let go. If anyone noticed that he wasn't hitting and holding his usual rafter shaking high notes they didn't let on. The stage was in a state of siege from the beginning. The guards for all their uniforms and plans were tossed aside like paper dolls.

I have been in front of many audiences at many rock shows and thereby suffered many a bruise and scrape, but let me warn you now — never, never sit in front of Angela Bowie. She is a fan of the most physical sort. Accompanied by hysterical screams and sighs, she proceeds to beat on everyone in her vicinity in time to the music. It is all done in the name of love, of course, and except for once in Japan where I left the theatre with a limp I have never suffered any permanent damage at her hands.

In this audience, however, Angela was just one of the crowd. Everyone went crazy. There was dancing in the aisles, flowers were thrown on the stage by the dozen, and several fans tried to throw themselves with the flowers, but the guards had by this time marshalled their forces and ably defended the front lines. As for the show itself, you have no doubt read a great deal about it already, so I needn't add my description to the others. The set designed by Jules Fisher was effective even though the moving catwalk high above the stage did not move. The glass asylum which opens to expose a black velvet hand holding Bowie backed by mirrors and blacklights was of course the most stunning visual effect. Bowie, himself, was in fine form. Possibly feeling he had to compensate for his weakened voice, his dancing and mime were unparalleled. The show was a good long one and brought the audience to a state of

frenzy. He even did an encore (a rare occurrence on this tour.)

The audiences, I feel I should mention, were heavily influenced by previous Bowie tours, and showed up in space suits and glitter. Bowie was in a modest light blue Yves St. Laurent style suit with a little sweater and never changed costumes except for slipping on a trench coat for one number and a Shakespearean jacket for another. The fans did not show any disappointment, however, and probably by the time you are reading this, they are all wearing modest Yves St. Laurent suits (but who knows what Bowie is wearing now.)

After the show, Bowie retired to his dressing room for more tea and honey and on one saw him except for a brief visit from Angela and Zowie. The rest of us were ushered into a large room where someone had prepared a Chinese feast to tide us over until the next show. So everyone gobbled Chinese food and played "Seduce the Doorman" who was one of the most beautiful blond boys anyone had ever seen, but was totally oblivious to the glamorous throng trying to gain his attention.

Bowie's voice returned for another bout and we headed out for the second show. The press had been treated to a regular sit-down dinner during the first show, so this would be the only one they would see from which to write their reports. They had been rather inequitably seated in the first and the thirty-second row. I had been allotted a second row seat for this show with an empty spot next to me for equipment. Lisa Robinson, Hit Parader's editor, forsook her thirty-second row spot to join me. Angela and Dana were in the front row over to the side this time, and Marion had taken Zowie home (it was past his bedtime.) Surprisingly, Bowie's voice had gained a little more strength and the show went wonderfully. The catwalk moved gracefully up and down. The flying chair used for "Space Oddity" descended

*(continued on page 60)*









# THE HIT PARADER INTERVIEW



By Lisa Robinson

## RICK WAKEMAN

**HP:** Tell me a bit about why you finally decided to leave Yes ...

**Rick:** Well, it's a short story and a long story rolled into one. Basically, it started when we were doing "Tales From Topographic Oceans" - which was an album that really was the first album the entire band wasn't totally involved with. It really was Steve and Jon rather than the rest - and it was the first time that that happened. That's not necessarily a bad thing - because sometimes individual people can come up with great ideas to produce a good album. But there were some things that went wrong there - and it was partly my fault - partly the band's fault. I sort of let it ride ...

It was an album that took a long time, and I was never particularly happy with it, especially when we took it on the road. I don't think we played it half as well on the road as we could have - because the band is capable of playing some amazing things. So - I guess when I did the "Journey" album and it did so well in England, I thought - well, if I stay with the band, and then we were due to go to America again - do some festivals, and then go to Brazil - all in October, and then start a new album ... you know. I just thought if I had to come back and do "Tales" again I shall be really cheesed off.

We'd be halfway through a new album and I would want to give me notice, which wouldn't be fair to the band ... plus it would mess me up personally - I'd be unable to take "Journey" on the road. When we came back from the end of the last U.S. tour, I went down to my country place with the wife and kids - down by the sea, and I thought about it a lot. I bought the place to be able to get away from everything, to get away from outside influences. I thought that since I was basically disagreeing with the musical policy of the band, if I left right away it wouldn't be too late for them to get somebody else in.

It would help make people in the band who haven't been that important suddenly become more important, they could start a new album fresh - and get things sorted out. It would make them get together more. It wouldn't interfere with their timing at all - because it wouldn't

interrupt anything that they'd be into. It also wouldn't be too late for me to take "Journey" on the road and start working on the orchestras and that whole project. So ... I just sent a telegram to the manager and said I wasn't coming back. It was strange really - because it was the first time the band really believed it. I had handed in my notice before, when we were on the last American tour I handed in me notice.

**HP:** This past tour? What happened?

**Rick:** Yes - halfway through the last American tour. I just wasn't happy with the way we were presenting concerts on the stage - which is a highly personal view, but an important one. If four people want to do one thing, and the other wants to do another - well, needless to say it becomes very ... there's unrest in the camp. See, the thing is, I like me drink, I like mucking about, I like having a good living. And sometimes - if you're outside of the music, well - it irritates me music seriously - and it's difficult for people to take you seriously.

And if you say - 'look man, this is getting to be a joke, we've got to do this seriously', and they say, 'well - you're the one who's going fast', and then you say, 'well, okay - I'll leave'. And then they react with something like ... 'yeah ... listen, we've got rehearsal on Tuesday.' It really was that sort of thing. None of it really sunk in until I was in Devon, but I definitely think it will be the best thing for the band. I mean, they might not agree with what I'll say now - which is that I think Yes wound an amazing path through "Fragile" - starting with the Yes album up through "Fragile" and through "Yessongs".

I think we veered off the path with "Tales" because of various reasons. And if I had stayed with the band it would have veered off even more. It would have ruined the band and ruined a lot of good music. I think that because I have left, whoever will come in with them will now help the other four people pull it together, and they'll get back onto the path and continue to make really good music.

In the long run, it will undoubtedly be the best for them. It certainly will be the best for me because I'll be a helluva lot

happier. I'm not saying I've been miserable with the band, because if you add it up - I've had a great time. The thing is now, it's all going to the music - the music has got to stand up. All the way down the line - if it's something I do, or something the band does, it has got to be down to the music and down to nothing else.

**HP:** Was there a conflict because of the success of your solo albums? Did people come to see you as opposed to coming to see Yes in performance, do you think?

**Rick:** I'll tell you, it was difficult sometimes - when I desperately wanted to play "Henry" onstage, and you knew you couldn't because you were at a Yes concert playing Yes music. And loads of people would come up to you before the gig and ask if I would play "Catherine of Aragon" or something like that. And it was strange because you knew that even though you were going to give them some good Yes music, to a certain extent you were disappointed and you were disappointing yourself in the fact that you weren't playing something you would love to play.

I would have loved to play some of "Henry" onstage, I really would have. It was difficult, of course. Because it was a Yes concert. The thing that could have been done would have been if everyone would have had a solo project. Of course when you've got five people in a band you've got to have certain inhibitions. There are bound to be some things you can't do. Actually, one of the things I'm going to miss out of Yes is that I won't have those four musicians around; there will be certain things I won't be able to do.

Having played with them for three years - well, you would go onstage and know exactly what everyone was going to play, exactly what everyone was going to do. Sort of like rushing with a confidence thing - that's what I'm going to lose. See - the thing is that they all should have done solo projects - they've all been ready to do solo projects for so long. Steve certainly has, he should have done it this year.

And Chris - Chris had bass things together way before Bill Wyman had his bass thing together, and he should have done it. I would have been all for it. I



think if that had happened onstage it would have been fantastic, a Yes concert could have been amazing in that we all would have had little solo projects and individual pieces of music we could have done and by the time we played the Yes music we would have been able to show how the different facets of everyone's music came together into making Yes music.

**HP:** Do you think any of them are as committed to solo projects as you are?

**Rick:** I'm not really sure. I know they've all thought about it and they've got things together. But you've got to go and do them. If you've got something that you really want to do - then you can't let it build up inside if it's not suitable within the context of the band. It'll only make you a worse musician within the band itself.

**HP:** The reaction in England when you left was amazing - it was page one on all the music papers. It really was like The Beatles breaking up or something ...

**Rick:** Yeah, it was actually funny. Because I had some doubts about being in the band before, as I mentioned - when "Tales" happened, and for months people used to ask me about leaving the band. Guaranteed every week, in one paper or another - there was a column item at least about my leaving Yes. I thought by the time it happened, it would be a bloody joke. People have read it for so many weeks that who really cares, you know?

So what, he finally left. It did put us in sort of a turmoil - how to handle the press. Because we have the same manager, the same lawyer, the same accountant, naturally - and there always are these terrible sort of legal and financial hassles involved.

So we just put out this story that I left and the band was on holiday - and we wouldn't talk to anyone there about it. We had to put out some announcement though, because in London word gets out so bloody fast - that if I were to start rehearsing another band everyone would instantly know - word would get out and it would be wrong. But anyway - they really handled it like it was such a big story, but nicely - like there would now be two important musical branches coming out of the split. Not like a split. Not like a split, really, more like a different musical idea.

**HP:** Do you think they'll have trouble replacing you? (*Note: At press time, there was no replacement for Rick Wakeman in Yes.*)

**Rick:** No - because Yes has always been a music band - it's always existed on music rather than individuals. Sort of like if someone said "Mozart" to you - you wouldn't think of a little white haired old man at the piano - you'd think of symphonies and concertos and things. In the same way I would hope that people who think about Yes don't think about the individuals but rather think about

"Close to the Edge" or "Roundabout" ...

**HP:** How have you reacted to the critical acclaim that your work has received?

**Rick:** Well - you know, one thing you couldn't ever really do would be to hear either my music or Yes music for the first time. It takes such a long time for the music to build up and you certainly couldn't go out into the audience and hear how it sounded. It makes it very difficult, but you really do almost have to be guided by people who write things about you and your music and people in the audience. After a concert I really like to go out there and talk to people who were there and find out exactly what they thought - the whys and wherefores. Because they saw things that you can't see and they often see the silliest things that you might miss but might be important. Then you think, 'Christ, yeah...'...

Even if it doesn't have anything to do with the music. A classic example is when we got a nice review in Hartford, but the bloke said that I looked very clumsy moving from keyboard to keyboard and wasn't it a pity that I wasn't wearing some fabulous coat to cover up the moves so the people would be more interested in the music and less in the movement. It was funny - we had two nights there and the second night the DJ came onstage wearing a black cape, and I asked him where he got it. He said he paid two hundred dollars for it, - he had had it made - and I said it really meant alot to me to





have a cape. So he sold it to me and I've been wearing capes ever since. And that's the sort of thing - it has nothing to do with the music really - but it's the kind of thing that people can see that you always can't. **HP:** I read something once about your having problems with your health. How are you?

**Rick:** That was funny too. I hadn't seen Tony Tyler (*Not: of the New Musical Express in London*) in about a year and a half and the time previous to that I had been in the best of health. Up until last year I was always good anyway. Right before the "Journey" concert we started rehearsing for that - 24 hours a day literally. And after the last tour I had found out that I had ulcers or something like that - then Tony came down to the rehearsals, and we had equipment problems - no one had slept for about 48 hours, a tooth of mine started breaking and affecting my nerves and they had to rush me to the dentist and remove the nerves or whatever.

I was in terrible shape after some 30,000 injections and *then* I had a box of pills to take - first for the ulcer, and then for the teeth. And he had come in and seen me - popping pills, halfway through I just fell asleep - nodded out right during one of the narrations! There were only five days left til the concert - and then after the concert I was so sick I didn't remember anything - I just woke up in bed the next morning ... I was bad like

that for about three months, and *then* we did the American tour! Anyway ... ulcers can be really bad when you're on the road and eating badly and all ... After awhile I just said, 'see you, no more of this' ... and that had something to do with my leaving the band and all. You just can't try and do two things in one go. I'm fine now, though.

**HP:** What about your future? Do you have a band together?

**Rick:** Yes. I was very lucky really, in that we recorded the Festival Hall concert - and we were all able to listen back to it and really hear what it sounded like. Everyone really could analyze it, and I decided that I'm going to keep the same band that I used on it. I'll add another guitar player, but other than that they'll be those people. The good thing was that nobody really knew any of them. When I decided to do the concert everyone said you're off your head - with an orchestra and a choir and all. But I really believed that instead of writing a piece of music and then having it orchestrated, you could write a piece of music for the whole orchestra. I mean Mozart didn't sit down and write something for the piano, and then say, 'well, that's good. Now I think I'll orchestrate it.'

So I started off like that, and then I tried to look at things other people had done with orchestras - and to try and learn from their mistakes. There's no right or wrong really, but it never

sounded live to me. David Mesham - who did the engineering told me that an orchestra has its own internal mix. That's why they're set up the way they are onstage - and you never see a symphony orchestra with thousands of mikes onstage. You hear the acoustic sounds because they set up accordingly. So we only used three mikes - one on the left, one on the right, and one in the middle - so that we only heard the natural acoustic sound or the orchestra.

Next - I had to get the people. I went to see "Tommy" and ended up playing some of the piano stuff at the end. And I really felt that the music suffered because everyone who was involved was a face, and people weren't going to listen to the music - they were going to see ... you know, Rod Stewart's coming on next, and Maggie Bell's coming on next - and like that. And there certainly were lots of top class musicians about who people never heard of.

So I went hunting around in the bloody local pubs ... I went everywhere, and I came up with a bunch of musicians who people never heard of but who were willing to give their all and are just as good as any of the well known faces who are about nowadays. We went up onstage - with people who weren't known, and the whole thing had to stand up on the music. I went into a pub not fifteen miles from my house and there was a bass player in

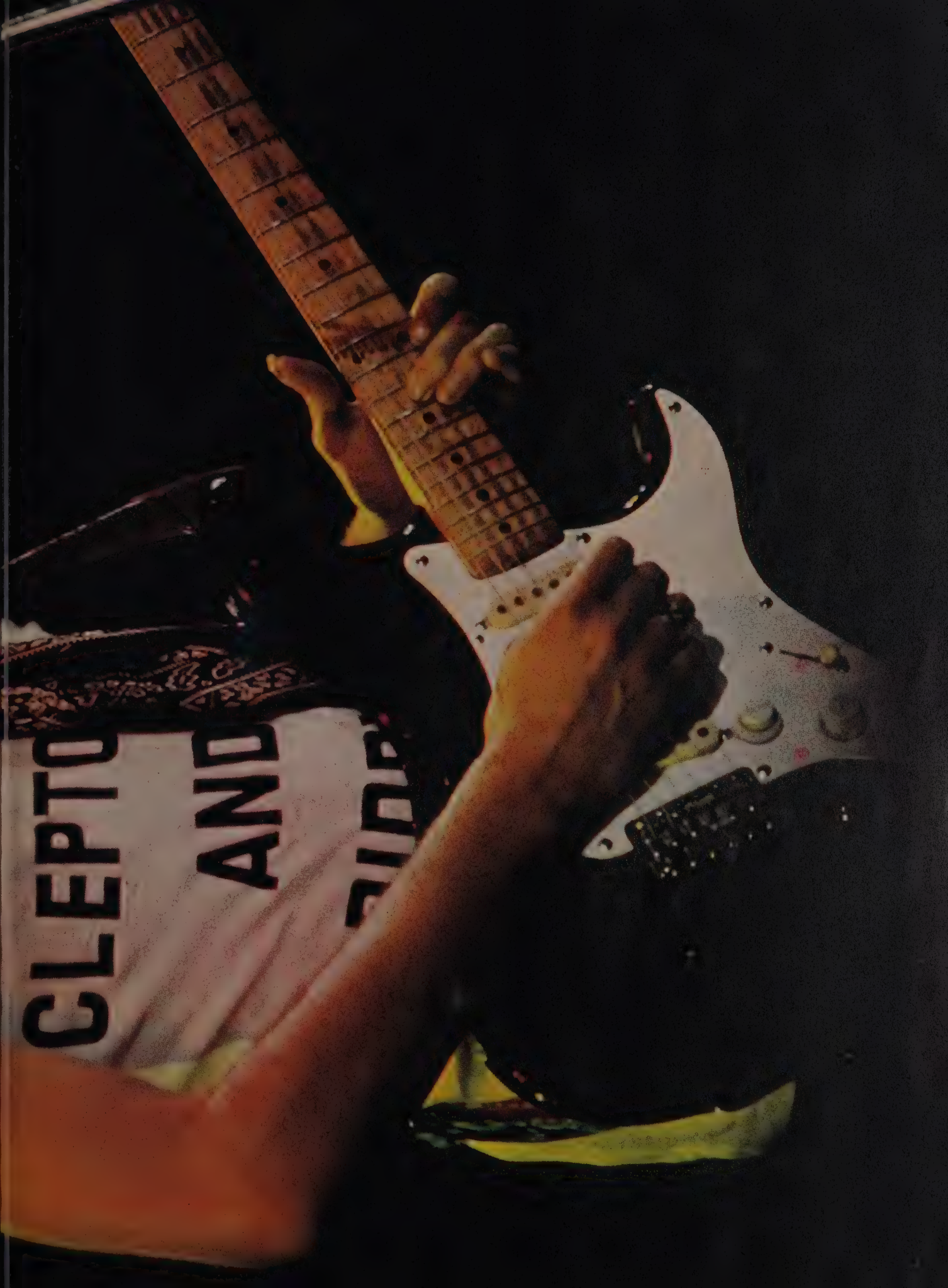
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# ERIC CLAPTON: IN CONCERT

By Lisa Robinson

It was not possible to watch Eric Clapton in concert during his summer USA tour and not be really happy that he was back on the road - playing guitar again. The word had reached us all - the three year absence as well as the heroin addiction was over; Eric was in fine shape and rarin' to go. Along with backup singer Yvonne Elliman, guitarist George Terry, bassist Carl Radle, drummer Jamie Oldaker and organist Dick Sims, (not to mention the presence of that rogue Legs Larry Smith on hand as master of ceremonies) - the Clapton tour got underway in New Haven at the Yale Bowl the final week of June.

That first gig was performed in pouring rain - a deluge that lasted as long as the three hour concert did. No matter, both the band and the audience stayed the whole time - Eric

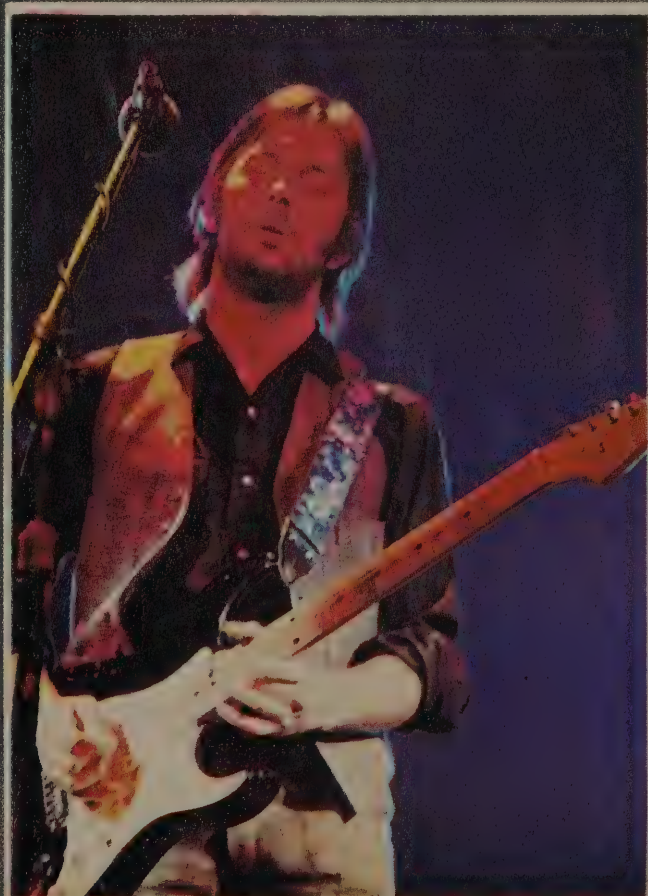
covered in a plastic sheet, and they were superb. Without much rest in between - it was on to Philadelphia the next night - the Spectrum, (where I don't think I've ever seen so many firecrackers before ... During the concert, during the demand for an encore...) Eric came out sporting a t-shirt that read "Eric Cleptomaniac and the Diddycoys", and was in fine spirits. He thanked the audience profusely (as he would throughout the entire tour, an incredible gentleman) - and created moments of musical magic.

Unlike those guitarists who have to make it appear as if they're playing their guitars *hard*, Eric Clapton just makes it look so easy, which is probably the hardest thing of all to do. In his dressing room at the Nassau Coliseum that very first weekend of the tour, we talked about the show

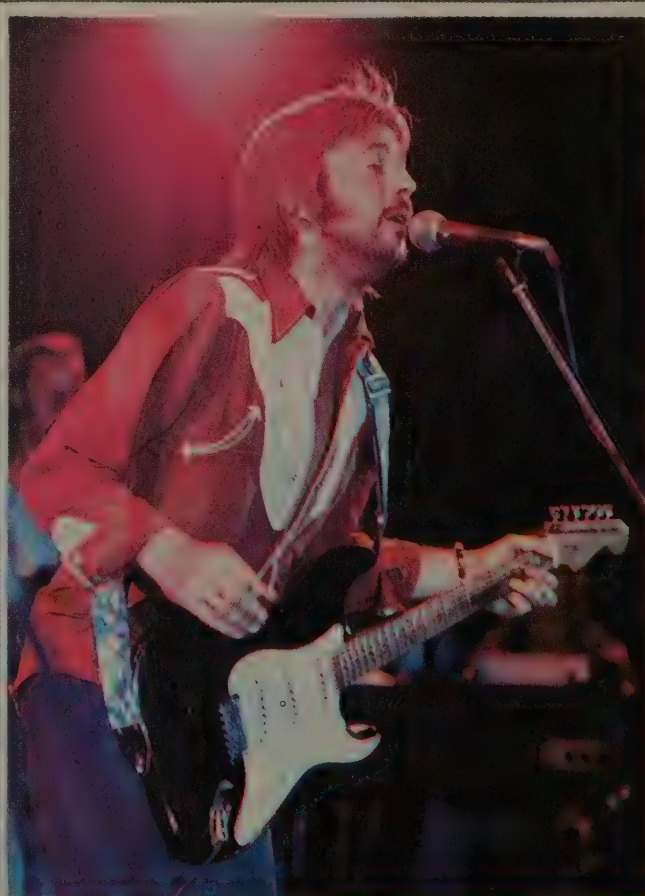
the night before. "Well - thank you," he smiled, receiving the compliments. "Why don't you write about last night's show-because tonight is going to be extremely boring. We're going to do all the boring things tonight." Followed by ... "Have you met Legs Christian Anderson? My compere ... Came out very appropriately during "Little Queenie" he did..."

The show in Philadelphia started out with Legs Larry prancing out onstage adorned in a white and black art deco ensemble to the taped "Pinball Wizard". He can-canned his way across the stage, flicking his fingers across the strings of a small orange ukulele. Those of us who hadn't seen Legs since he did a similar stint with Elton John awhile back, screamed with delight.

After some more of the same - Legs introduced ERIC CLAPTON! and

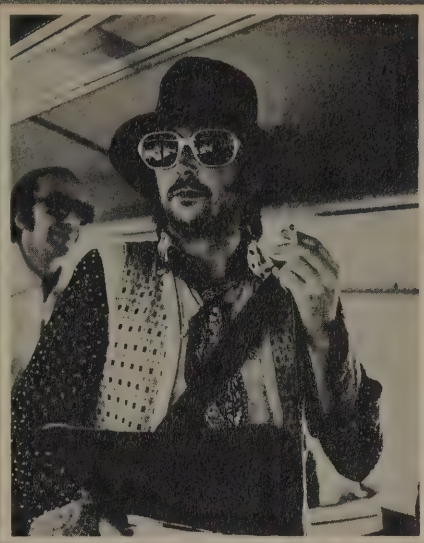
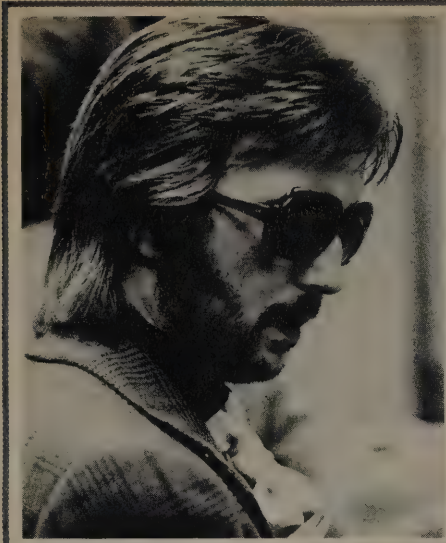


Michael Putland



Anthony de Nonno





Michael Putland

out He came. Followed by band. Eric - wearing sunglasses, a green velvet jacket, jeans, t-shirt and scarf (he was to change his outfits many times during the tour; everything from a dapper brown plaid Tommy Nutter suit to the more funky look), and he looked an amazing cross between Bob Dylan and John Lennon. But immediately one could sense the difference about this tour.

Dylan's tour was an EVENT, so are the Stones when they play here - audiences go wild for The Who ... and there can be no doubt that Clapton's tour is right up there in that category. Yet there is something about his stage presence that belies that sense of Drama. The way the band sort of ambled out onstage dressed funkily - they appeared more Southern American than anything British. The ambience was very much that of a casual rock and roll show, unpretentious - with Eric thanking the audience after each number.

It was delightful. One heard rumours throughout the tour that there was a slight sense of disorganization - back and forth booking that took the band on a strange geographical course, as well as a strangely relaxed atmosphere backstage. But perhaps it was because of all of that that the show came across as soulfully and spontaneously as it did. Not a note performed on that stage seemed contrived; it all sounded like it came straight from the heart.

Eric would open with "Easy Now" - a song off his "Eric Clapton" lp - the one done with Bonnie & Delaney and Friends, and then would go into an acoustic "Let It Flow" from the new disc. Singing with Yvonne Elliman just made his voice sound stronger - but it was obvious that the kids wanted electric guitar. When he took off the acoustic, and picked up the black and white Fender stratocaster, there were cheers. Singing "Let It

Rain" joyously, his voice closely resembling those southern blues singers who he's admired so much. I found myself enjoying his voice during these shows as much as anything else; also the ever-so-elegant stance, occasionally tapping his foot or moving his head in time to his music. No theatrics - just great music. As said previously, he made it look so very easy, and he also seemed completely at home leading a band after three years of non-involvement from the scene.

It was the songs like "Badge", "Can't Find My Way Home", "Little Wing" - you know, the old stuff, that caused the most excitement, but you knew that a year from now those same kids would be screaming for the stuff from "461 Ocean Boulevard" ... "Willie & The Hand Jive" gets us all doing the hand jive, and "Get Ready" makes Yvonne and Eric look to be a very hip Sonny and Cher, sidling around each other, Eric kissing the back of her neck - the sexual innuendoes are very strong.

During some of the longer blues numbers Eric and George Terry would often look at each other and take awhile to figure out which song they were going to go into next - but the guitar was always brilliant. It's the tone that Clapton gets out of his guitar more than anything else that's so brilliant. Even if he misses a note now and then, it just seems that the music comes from somewhere deep inside of him, or maybe even from somewhere else.

During "Little Queenie", Eric camps it up with Legs Larry Smith, who has changed into a red, white and blues ensemble ... does the hully gully, the stroll ... Eric sometimes wouldn't notice him and then would turn around and completely crack up. "He makes me laugh," is the reason Eric explained Larry's presence on this tour.

At the end of every concert - there

was the most unbelievable roar from the crowd, accompanied by fire-crackers and flares that at times seemed extremely ominous. Eric usually would come back and do "Layla" as an encore ... or "Presence of the Lord", or "Crossroads" - and as the band was out of the hall, in limousines making a quick getaway - the kids would still be screaming for more. How long would he have to play to satisfy everyone?

At the Spectrum in Philadelphia, as well as the other stops on the tour, programmes were sold before the concert for \$2.00. Well worth the price really, when you consider that they included a Pete Frame chart of Clapton's career inside - all of his albums, groups he played with, singles he played on, etc. Historically valid.

At the Nassau Coliseum Eric would get onstage and shout, "It's great to be back in Chicago!" and then introduce, "Legs Larry Supphose!" Followed by, "Here's one off my new album. I hope you like it and buy it. If you don't - you're fired!"

Eric's manager Robert Stigwood would often stand to the side of the stage and watch proudly, keeping time to the music with his head. The aristocracy of road crews were on hand for this tour - the people who travel with Led Zeppelin, The Who, - in fact, The Who's sound man - Bob Pridden, did the chores for this one. RSO Prexy Bill Oakes (also Yvonne Elliman's husband), was on hand, as were lots of friends and people from Atlantic Records. The tour was guided by the expert hand of one Richard Cole - who for years was the tour manager for Led Zeppelin and is a man who knows his way around a stage.

Eric yelled out at Nassau "Springtime for Hitler, and Germany!" and thus endeared himself to all us Mel Brooks fans forever. It was





Michael Putland

an example of his mood. Although there were reports that he had imbibed perhaps just a bit too much wine at times, it was all good rock and roll fun - there was a sense of jollity about on this tour that removed any dark, ponderous sense of *business* that so often accompanies rock and roll BIG tours.

Everyone thought that Peter Townshend would show up at Madison Square Garden to play on "Layla" with Eric, for it had been whispered that Clapton did want three guitars on that one. But Peter couldn't get off the set of "Tommy" - and the only one who ended up jamming at all was Todd Rundgren, who had been standing by all night. Dickie Betts and Gregg Allman were onstage - but by the time Betts was ready to plug his guitar in, Eric had finished up. Standing behind an amplifier however, seen to only a few people, was Mick Jagger.

Himself had been in town for one week on some business, and in a smart sailor outfit showed up for Eric's show. Earlier that evening he had had a few drinks in the Oyster Bar with Eric, Yvonne Elliman and Robert Stigwood, and he was in an extremely jovial mood. When I asked

him if he was going to sit in with Eric, he replied, "What am I going to do? Sing bleedin' "Crossroads"? I did it once with the Yardbirds at the Marquis Club..."

Jagger had been interested in his brother Chris - who had been performing that week at the Bottom Line, and he joked with Peter Rudge about Golden Earring; delivering an expert rendition of "Radar Love".

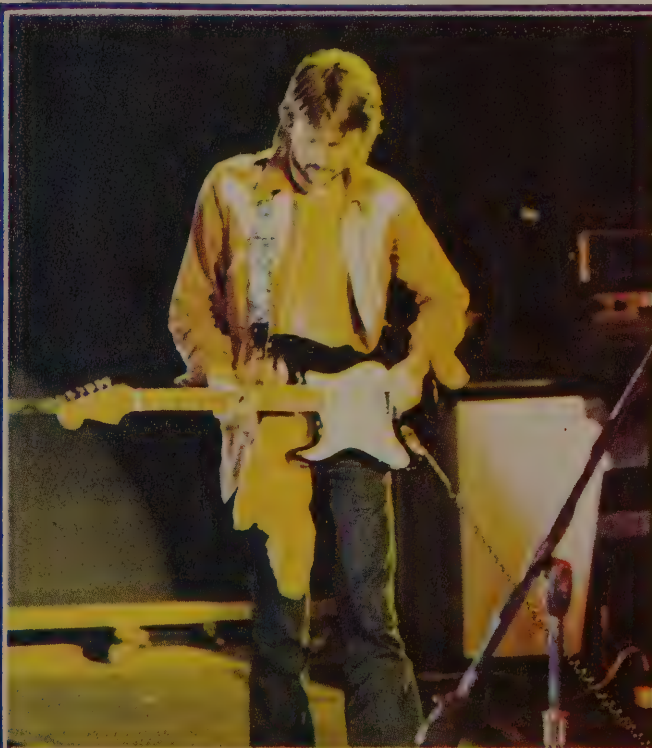
His presence helped to make the Garden concert perhaps a bit more of an event, but for Eric Clapton and his band - it was really just another stop on this long tour.

Many of the dates Clapton did were outdoor ones; there was the Three Rivers Stadium gig which also featured The Band on the bill, (also Rundgren) - and there would be some on the West Coast. Eric was due to be in Denver at the same time as was Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young - and already there were whispers of what a "supersession" that might be.

But for those of us who were privy to lots of the concerts, the strongest thing that came out of this tour was really Music. It was good to see Eric on a stage again - it really was good to see him playing and enjoying it.

There are concerts and there are concerts ... many times those of us who do this fulltime go to them to *report* - we're assigned to cover them. Then there are those times that we remember why we became emotionally involved in the music in the first place. Watching Eric Clapton in concerts this recent tour, I had cause to remember.

People said that he was fragile, and that perhaps he couldn't withstand such a long tour. Despite his health, there was a tremendous amount of exhaustion involved in going from city to city night after night - even, although he was taken in a private plane. Outdoor gigs especially are hard to do - because it takes so long to set up - and this was not an easy six weeks. But Eric Clapton came out of it with the full realization that he is still one of rock's greatest stars - certainly one of the more important musicians we've got, and hopefully, after a rest and perhaps another album soon, (there were supposedly about 20 cuts that they recorded in Criteria Studios in Miami that weren't included in this recent lp), he'll be back in the USA - performing in front of audiences again. First though = comes Europe. □



Michael Putman

Anthony de Nonno







# PETE TOWNSHEND CAN TAKE CARE OF HIMSELF

By Joseph Rose

Pete Townshend rubbed his eyes and swallowed a yawn in the late morning light as he stretched his legs out of the smallish chair in his hotel room and considered my question, which was, "Why don't you have a bodyguard?"

"Ahhh, I just get beaten up," he finally said. "It only hurts for a couple of hours." He laughs heartily. It's obvious that he feels well able to take care of himself, thank you.

The subject had come up because of some weird goings-on the evening before, one of the rare nights on tour when the Who didn't have a concert scheduled. While singer Roger Daltrey had stayed in the hotel to get plenty of rest and drummer Keith Moon had spent a rare quiet evening

— recuperating from his wildness of the previous night — Pete and bassist John Entwistle had gone on a strange safari.

With an entourage of roadies and friends — "groupie is an ugly word and it doesn't really mean anything," says Pete — they had stopped in three well-known clubs in the city's big night-life area. At each place, they sat down, had a drink and talked to whomever had the guts to approach them. Pete danced with an old friend in one club, but otherwise it was an evening full of talk, most of it dull, directed at John and Pete, who seemed to sit through it all numbly.

"Were you enjoying it last night?" I asked.

"Uh, no ... Really, the point of it is that in order to just get in tune with

things and in the frame of mind where you are sort of feeling the atmosphere, you know, there are certain rounds that you have to make.

"I always go out shopping and buy a load of stuff that I've already got. I find that quite important, too. Either that or you can sit here and look out the window. Otherwise you really get a shock when you walk into a place like the Los Angeles Forum and the Whiskey a Go Go has arrived in your dressing room. That's really what it's all about. It's amazing how people converge, and unless you're just in key, you're lost." He stopped and thought for a moment, then laughed. "Cause it's not like this back in Twickenham, you know."

Pete said that the two older girls who accompanied them on their bar



Neal Preston



tour last night were old friends, whom the Who had met on their very first tours of America. "You tend to tire of trying to strike up new relationships. That's always very tricky. So it's much better if people come to see us that we know really well. What's good about it is that it doesn't really matter where you are: the actual framework of people around you is roughly the same every time you come. It gives you a sort of a sense of continuity. If anything changes on the outside, at least you're not standing upside down."

At home in England, Pete doesn't lead a wild social life either. "Like everybody, I suffer from different kinds of boredom. Sometimes having a smallish family — we've got two girls — makes it kind of difficult to get out a lot. But even before we had kids, we didn't jet set very much.

"We've got a few friends in the music business. I suppose my closest friend in the music business is Ronnie Lane. We maybe sort of go out and eat or go to the pictures."

With all the time he's spent in the States, I found it hard to believe Pete had no close friend here to visit instead of wasting away in hotel rooms. "You're right," Pete said, "but the point is that I don't like going to people's homes. I can't stand it. Not when I'm on tour. Whenever I'm here on tour, I always feel that one day I must come back to the States and just spend a year sort of just doing nothing, just being over here. Because I just know so many people, and I've got so many friends.

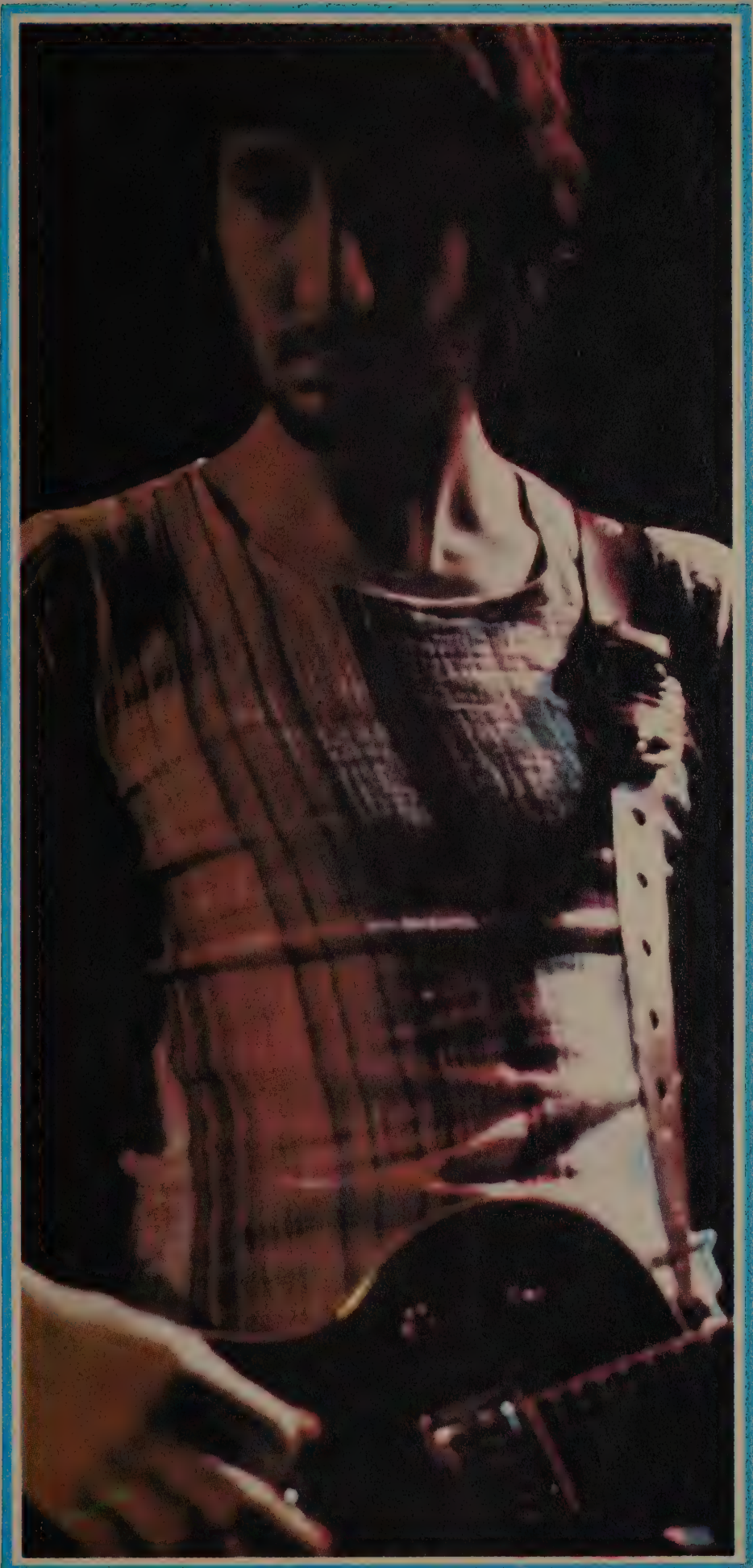
"And lots and lots of them I feel are sort of very, very important relationships. And the only time I ever see them is either for a few minutes here in the hotel when they're trying to get stage passes or when they come over to England."

"Why don't you like going to people's homes?" I asked.

"I think it's because it's disarming. It's got something to do with the same thing that makes us go out to awful clubs. I don't know what it is, but if you go to somebody's house, you're somehow getting divorced from that frame of mind which is necessary to walk on a stage.

"It's a kind of an aloofness to anything that doesn't fit in. A much better way of describing it is this example: If I was to do a show, say in London, and I leave home — say the show's at 7 — I can get to the show in about 15 minutes from my home, walk on the stage and in 15 minutes be back at home again.

*(continued on page 61)*









# CROSBY, STILLS, NASH & YOUNG.. One More Time

By Jean-Charles Costa

As if to provide the fitting climax for the tremendous excitement already generated by the Dylan and Clapton tours; David, Stephen, Graham, and Neil have once again decided to cohere their prodigious talents and forceful personalities into a multi-faceted, "mobile" live presentation. The tour, which will take them through most of the major rock venues across the country and also result in a live/studio album, is proof positive that CSNY, one of the first "legit" super groups, is as unpredictable as ever. With all four members enjoying solo careers that are more than well established, going their own separate ways both musically and geographically, the lack of motivation to get back into the hard-edged grind of the extended road "show" is more than understandable.

For the last few years, despite constant rumors to the contrary, they have managed to maintain a relatively low profile compared to the golden days of the latter sixties when everything was still fun and youthful enthusiasm. Now, right in the middle of a period that can be definitely classified as "laid back" overall, they have decided to brave all those hassles in the warmest months to get their music out to the people via the most vital and direct way ...?

If we've seen any one member near the public eye in recent years, it would have to be Stephen. A tireless worker/creator and recording studio compulsive, he has continued to produce and direct the Manassas "project" through an endless series of tours and LP's. That added to a number of guest shots on other people's albums and, on the personal side, a marriage to French singer Veronique Sanson, and you have almost enough to keep him busy.

One of the primary sources of energy flow behind this latest CSNY

re-incarnation in the studios and on-stage is undoubtedly Stephen, who has always been the (occasionally challenged) musical "take Charge" guy in terms of sound organization and environmental mood. Plus, if he's been writing songs at his usual rate (400 per min.), we're bound to hear a great deal of new Stills material in coming months. With age and marriage undoubtedly putting a bit of a mellow edge on Stephen's strong creative drive, the resultant balance should definitely be interesting to see.

Neil Young, on the other hand, has continued to move in the mysterious "shadow/light" ways that have always intrigued his listening public. Starting with some solo albums that marked a fairly radical departure in style - an attempt to lighten the general tone of his lyrics with an occasional slash of irony for those who still haven't got the message, and a conscious move to a much more "basic", rough-edged musical undercarriage.

The grinding-funk he and his reformed band have churned out on several world tours have won him legions of new young fans but alas, also alienated some of the older crowd who've gone through all his changes since the Springfield days. His latest single "Walk On" deals with this particular phenomenon in the typical elliptical but effective Neil Young manner.

The tour, with its built-in requests for nostalgic material should provide some more answers for those who are obsessed with pigeon-holing Young's specific form of musical expression. Neil, who's been haunted by the past since birth anyway, also made a film and soundtrack LP, "Through The Past Darkly", an unassuming but powerful autobiographical montage that dealt with the Springfield era and should have been the final

statement on that chapter, but, because it was almost universally misinterpreted and misunderstood, will cause more people than ever to ask him the same tired questions about the group "that almost never was".

David Crosby and Graham Nash, unlike the other two, have collaborated rather extensively during the long group sabbatical. With several tours together (where they were occasionally joined by Neil and Stephen) and a live and studio album with strong and energetic performances, the marriage of their two very fine voices in harmony and counterpoint continues to play an important role in the contemporary music spectrum. David also assumed a major role in the "re-formed" Byrds album, which brought us back a brief glimpse of the harmonic and instrumental perfection that characterized the best in 60's American rock music.

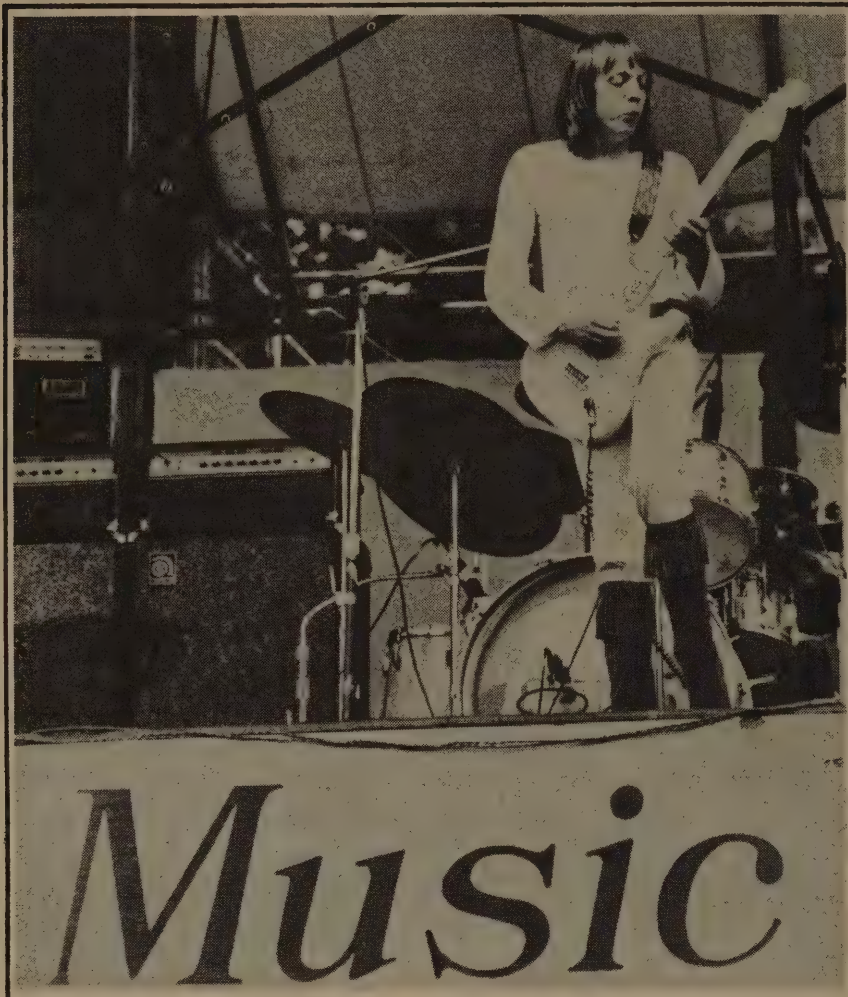
Graham has continued to write a lot of material and recently came out with a laid back beauty that was well received on most levels. With these two vocal gymnasts providing that mellow-middle/crisp high two part vocal harmony core that is so essential to the group's sound and a wealth of material to draw from, the cycle is somehow more than complete. Their equally strong personalities and respective gifts for under/overstated throwaway humour on-stage acts as perfect catalysts for the two talented polarities on lead guitars and vocals.

With radio documentaries, regenerated airplay, overnight sell-outs at all the halls, the heady excitement of the impending CSNY tour is building with every passing minute. This curious but undeniably potent musical matchup is off and rolling, set to once again sweep the young listening audience off its collective feet. □



# ROBIN TROWER: Music Is The Most Important

By Richard Robinson



"Primarily, I consider myself a musician. It just happens that I play guitar," says Robin Trower, adding that he certainly doesn't think of himself as a 'guitarists' guitarist' or anything like that.

Robin gained fame initially as guitarist for Procol Harum. He played with them during their golden days, using his guitar to balance Procol's predominately keyboard sound. On leaving Procol, he messed around for a bit, then got himself some musicians and struck out on his own. Set on a guitar-bass-drums foundation, Robin's new band is a surprise to anyone who expected him to be Procolesque.

"I think it was like a reaction against Procol," he says. "A reaction against a larger group, with two keyboards and everything. It was a reaction against that. I sort of had to swing in the opposite direction. I left Procol to give myself much more freedom, so obviously I went

to the furthest point of freedom for me."

Now that he's his own man, Robin says his point of view has shifted regarding both his music and the audience he's playing it for. "My attitude has changed rather drastically towards audiences and playing in front of audiences.

"I enjoy communicating with an audience and I enjoy feeling that communication. Make contact, you know. I enjoy receiving something back from them. I enjoy it alot and that's what playing live is for, for me. That's what I do it for, for that pleasure."

Musicians leave well-known bands on a regular basis. Any rock writer will tell you that it's become a routine event to get a notice that Guitar Arnie So-And-So has just left Such-And-Such a band and will now be recorded on his own. More often than not, it turns out that the player should have stayed in the band. So Robin caught alot of people napping and nod-

ding when he released his first solo album, set a tour across the U.S., and a month later found the album bouncing up the charts and alot of people asking to talk to him who were yawning at the very idea of him having a career only weeks before.

Robin is just as excited as the next person over his initial success. He's also impressed with the way things have changed on the concert trail in the past couple of years. "There's been a vast improvement as far as the professional side of putting across live music goes. I think that's improved alot, 'cause, when we first started coming here with Procol, it was a bit of slap-dash. Now the promoters have really got it together in most places. I think the kids are getting more benefits for their money now."

Another former member of Procol, Matthew Fisher, has been participating in Robin's success, as producer of Robin's album. "Obviously we were in Procol together. We were friends then and we lost contact for a little while — Matthew went to America. He came over here and did some producing for CBS for a year and then when he came back it was just about the time I was thinking about doing my album. So I asked him to do it for me. Not because I thought he was a great producer or anything as he hasn't done very much. But because I like working with him.

"I think Matty is probably more into what I'm doing than what he's doing. I mean he really loves to work with me."

Part of getting his music together has been starting to write songs. "That's the most pleasing part for me over the last year," he says, "I feel that I'm starting to write some pretty good numbes now, and I think that's the most pleasing of all. I think I get more pleasure from creating a song than from anything else. Because it's a very lasting thing and it's sort of a timeless thing."

With album and live tours under control, Robin now has to think about releasing a single. I ask him if his record company has been thinking about which cut to pull off the album and release as a single. Robin says that they're not thinking about it. "I've expressed my wishes that I don't want a single released off of it because, you know, to me it would be just like filling a gap. I hope one day I will come up with a single which is obviously meant to be in that market, but I wouldn't like to release something just for the sake of it."

As we talk about his music and his



career I throw in a question about guitars. I've seen photos of Robin playing a Les Paul Gibson and so I ask him about it. "Oh, that must have been when I was with Procol. I've been playing a Fender Stratocaster for three, three and a half years."

Was it a big switch in terms of sound?

"It was a very big switch and had a lot to do with me eventually breaking away from Procol. The thing is, what happened, is that I never liked the Stratocaster. I played one years and years ago and hadn't liked it, hadn't given it a fair chance. One day, when I was with Procol, I was on tour with Jethro Tull and Mike Barr, the guitar player from Jethro, had a Strat there, onstage. I picked it up at a sound rehearsal one day and ever since then I just went overboard for a Strat. It clicked for me.

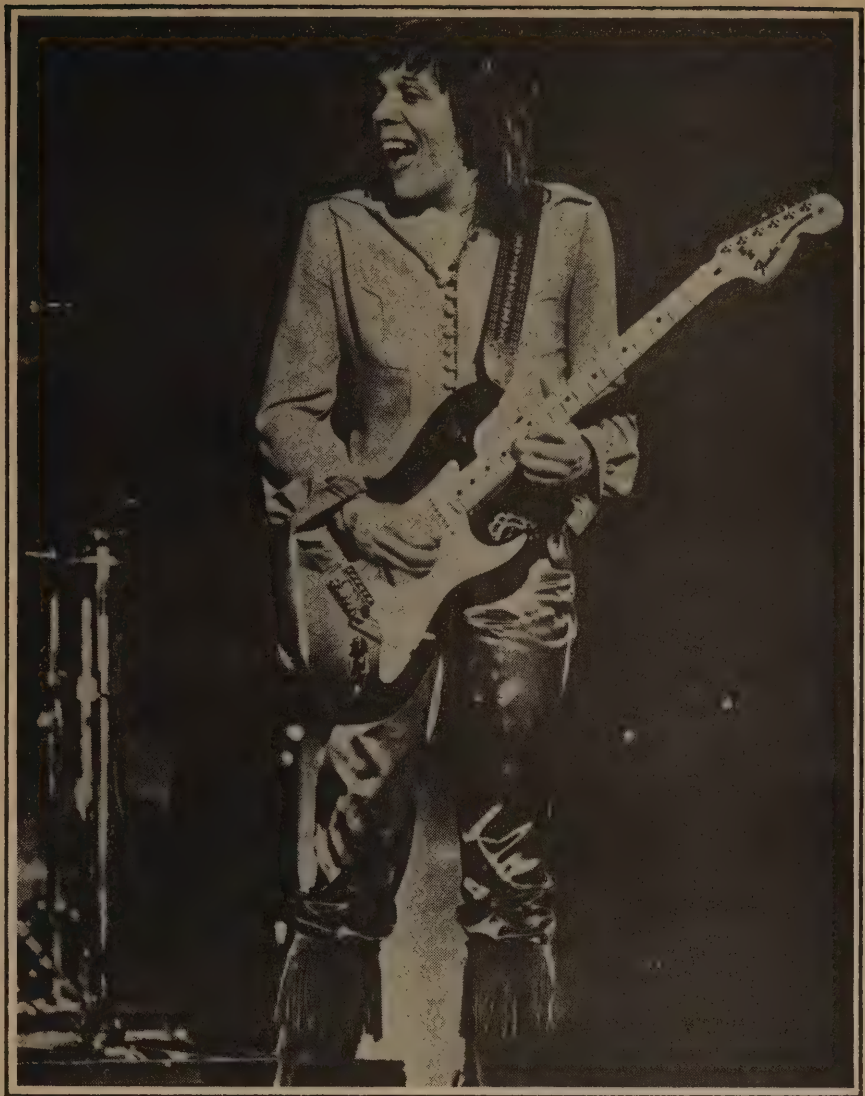
"I find it a much more musical guitar, a very musical sounding instrument as opposed to the Gibson which is more of a non-musical sound than a Fender."

Perhaps the most famous of the recent guitarists who've played the solid bodied, three pickup Stratocaster (a more complex instrument than the Les Paul Gibson, with a great range of controls) was Jimi Hendrix. I mention his name and Robin responds: "Well I think this is Hendrix's biggest influence. He turned it from a sort of semi-electric into an electric. I just can't play acoustic guitar. I just can't play it. It's a different instrument all together.

"I always write all my stuff on electric guitar 'cause it is for the electric guitar. And you've got to think in that medium all the time." For Robin, the Stratocaster is the epitome of electric rock as sound and the electric guitar as a musical instrument. "I'm combining equipment to sort of get very different qualities. I'm using all Marshall heads, amplifiers, but I'm mixing in Fender cabinets with Marshall cabinets to get sort of a nice range of lows and highs. And I'm continually sort of experimenting with those combinations.

"One of the best sounding amplifiers I ever had was a little Fender, it was called a Super Amp. And it had two ten inch speakers in it and it was a tiny little thing, all in one, and what a sound that used to come out of it!"

The conversation swings back to the Fender Stratocaster. Robin says: "I think what's so good about the Strat is that it's a pretty really quite straight forward electric instrument. It hasn't got very much of an acoustic sound when you play it without it plugged into anything. It's pretty ... it tends to still have that incredible amount of ring to it. Without that sort of reverberation. As a guitar there's nothing that can get in the way of producing electric sounds out of it. It's pretty ideal as far as I'm concerned. It's got everything going for it at the moment. Obviously I'm always keeping my eye out for anything refreshing that would come



along. That was a guitar that was far ahead of its time to my mind.

"I think you can get practically any sort of sound out of it that you wish if you're willing to sort of experiment. I think you can more or less get a Gibson sound out of it if you wanted to. But there's such a wide range of sounds you can get out of it."

With his new sound pleasing the fans and making him a viable act, Robin is looking to the future with anticipation. "Another album is definitely the next project," he says, adding mysteriously, "I'm thinking of getting in a new direction if I can get it together."

I say, "I'm sure the record company will be glad to hear that you're going in a new direction once they've got something on the charts in this direction. What do you mean?"

"As far as recording goes, a new direction in recording for me, that's all. Probably won't be that drastic to the every day listener, but I hope for me it will be much more satisfying. I'm considering recording in America for a start, which is different."

New York or L.A.?

"Well, at the moment I'm thinking of L.A. I've recorded at Wally Heider's

studio there with Procol once a long time ago and I found that that was a very satisfactory studio. When I get to L.A. in about three or four weeks, I'm going to go in there for a day and lay down the backing track of one of the new numbers and see how it turns out. I'm going to play it for Matthew and if we decide it's more of what we're looking for for the band then we'd let them do the album there."

The first album was done in London?

"At AIR Studios. We had a very good engineer, but the thing about London is that they are very sophisticated and don't really go in for the earthy sound at all."

Robin Trower is definitely on the way. He's got his music together both on record and live. He's constantly working to create even more exciting electric rock. He's taking all the responsibilities on his own shoulders. Good evidence is the fact that he decided not to form a group with a group name, but rather just be Robin Trower with talented sidemen. "The idea was that I wanted to elongate as much as I could my own career. Consequently, I felt musically I had gone as far as I could with the musicians I was playing with at the moment. I wanted to change the band. To me still the enjoyment of playing music is the most important thing." □



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## I SHOT THE SHERIFF

(As recorded by Eric Clapton)

BOB MARLEY

I shot the sheriff but I didn't shoot no  
deputy  
Oh no oh

All around in my home town  
They're trying to track me down  
They say they want to bring me in guilty  
For the killing of a deputy  
For the life of a deputy (but I say).

I shot the sheriff but I swear it was in  
self defense  
I shot the sheriff and they say it is a  
capitol offense

Sheriff John Brown always hated me for  
what I don't know  
Ev'ry time I plant a seed he said kill it  
before it grow

He said kill them before they grow  
(Read it in the news).

I shot the sheriff but I swear it was in  
self defense  
(Where was the deputy?)  
I shot the sheriff (but I swear it was in  
self defense)

Freedom came my way one day  
And I started out of town yeah  
All of a sudden I saw Sheriff John Brown  
aiming to shoot me down  
So I shot, I shot, I shot him down and I  
say  
If I am guilty I will pay.

Reflexes had got the better of me  
And what is to be must be  
Every day the bucket ago a well one  
day.

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## I LOVE MY FRIEND

(As recorded by Charlie Rich)

BILLY SHERRILL  
NORRIS WILSON

She was cryin' and I was lonely  
And the band was playing some old  
love song  
Someone had hurt her, someone had  
left me  
And we both needed something to hold  
on to  
Who knows tomorrow it all might end  
But tonight I love my friend.

I love my friend  
And we'll make it, maybe, just maybe  
And even though we're gonna share the  
night in each other's arms  
I'll treat her like a lady  
And I'll call her "Baby"  
'Cause I love my friend  
And we'll make it, maybe, just maybe  
Tomorrow when we start another day  
And we've been all the way  
I'll still treat her like a lady  
Still call her "Baby"  
'Cause I love my friend  
And we'll make it, maybe.

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## CLAP FOR THE WOLFMAN

(As recorded by The Guess Who)

BURTON CUMMINGS  
BILL WALLACE  
KURT WINTER

Clap for the wolfman, he gon' rate your  
record high  
Clap for the wolfman, you gon' dig him  
till the day you die.

Da Doo Ron Ron and the Duke of Earl  
They were friends of mine  
I was on my moonlight drive snuggled  
in, said "Baby just one kiss ..."  
She said "No, no, no romance ain't  
keepin' me alive!"  
Said "Hey babe, you wanna coo, coo,  
coo!"  
She said "Ah, ah, ah"  
So I was left out in the cold  
I said "You're what I been dreaming of"  
She said "I don't want to know!"  
(Repeat chorus)

75 or 80 miles an hour she hollered  
"Slow, slow, slow ..."

Baby, I can stop right on a dime  
Said "Hey, babe, gimme just one kiss ..."  
she said "No, no no ..."  
But how was I to bide my time?

Said "Hey babe, you wanna coo, coo,  
coo?" she said "Ah, ah, ah ..."

Said "I'm about to overload"  
I said "You're what I been living for"  
She said "I don't want to know!"

(Repeat chorus)

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## MANY RIVERS TO CROSS

(As recorded by Nilsson)

JIMMY CLIFF

Many rivers to cross  
But I can't seem to find my way over  
Wandering I am lost as I travel along  
the white cliffs of Dover  
Many rivers to cross  
And it's only my will that keeps me  
alive  
I've been licked washed up for years  
years  
And I merely survive because of my  
pride  
And this loneliness won't leave me  
alone  
It's such a drag to be on your own  
My woman left me she didn't say why  
Well I guess I'll have to cry, cry.

Many rivers to cross  
But just where to begin I'm playing for  
time  
There've been times I find myself think-  
ing of committing some dreadful crime  
Yes I've got many rivers to cross  
But I can't seem to find my way over  
Wandering I am lost as I travel along  
the white cliffs of Dover  
Yes I've got many rivers to cross  
And I merely survive.

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## FREE MAN IN PARIS

(As recorded by Joni Mitchell)

JONI MITCHELL

"The way I see it" he said  
"You just can't win it"  
Everybody's in it for their own gain  
You can't please 'em all  
There's always somebody callin' you  
down  
I do my best and I do a good bus'ness  
There's a lot o' people askin' for my time  
They're tryin' to get ahead  
They're tryin' to be a good friend of  
mine.

I was a free man in Paris  
I felt unfettered and alive  
There was nobody callin' me up for  
favors

And no ones future to decide  
You know I'd go back there tomorrow  
But for the work I've taken on  
Stokin' the star maker machine'ry  
behind the popular song.

I deal in dreamers and telephone  
screamers  
When I wonder what I do it for  
If I had my way I'd just walk out those  
doors and wander  
Down the Champs D'elyses, going cafe  
to Cabaret  
Thinking how I'll feel when I find that  
very good friend of mine.  
(Repeat chorus)

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## CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOUR LOVE BABE

(As recorded by Barry White)

BARRY WHITE

I've heard people say that too much of  
anything is not good for you baby  
But I don't know about that  
As many times as we've loved  
Shared love and made love  
It doesn't seem to me like it's enough  
It's just not enough  
It's just not enough.

My darlin' I can't get enough of your  
love babe  
Girl I don't know I don't know why  
Can't get enough of your love babe

Oh some things I can't get used to no  
matter how I try  
It's like the more you give the more I  
want  
And baby that's no lie  
Oh no babe

Tell me what can I say  
What am I gonna do  
How should I feel when ev'rything is  
you  
What kind of love is this that you've  
given me  
Is it in your kiss or just because you're  
sweet

Girl all I know is every time you're near  
I feel a change  
Somethin's movin'  
I scream your name  
What you got me doin'.

Girl if I could only make you see  
And make you understand  
Girl your love for me is all I need  
And more than I can stand  
Oh well babe.

How can I explain  
All the things I feel  
You've given me so much  
Girl you're so unreal

Still I keep loving you  
More and more each time  
Girl what am I gonna do

Cause you've blown my mind  
I get the same old feelin'  
Every time you're near

I feel a change  
Somethin's movin'  
I scream your name  
Look what you got me doin'.

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## SWEET SWEET LADY

(As recorded by The Moments)

TOMMY KEITH  
SYLVIA ROBINSON

I think I'm falling in love with you baby.

We met maybe only once or twice  
But it feels like I've known you all my  
life

You did something to me that's good.

I think I'm falling in love with you baby  
You're a sweet, sweet, sweet lady  
Oh oh baby

You fill the air with your perfume  
Your lovely smile warms the room  
Your touch is like a paradise  
I think I'm falling in love with you baby  
You're a sweet, sweet, sweet lady  
Oh, oo baby, baby.

Your lips are red and warm  
Oh how they turn me on, quiver when  
you talk  
The world stands still when you walk.

Falling in love with you, baby  
Sweet, sweet, sweet lady  
Falling in love with you baby  
Sweet, sweet, sweet lady.

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## I SAW A MAN AND HE DANCED WITH HIS WIFE

(As recorded by Cher)

JOHN DURRILL

I was by myself drinking chilled lonely  
wine  
Then he walked in with some woman  
whose place was once mine  
She wore his ring on her finger  
And the band began a song I'd heard  
before.

I saw a man and he danced with his  
wife  
How I wished he was dancing with me  
I remember before when we danced on  
this floor  
His eyes were only on me  
Where did I go wrong  
They were playing our song while I was  
crying all night long.

I kept watching as they danced so near  
by  
I kept hoping kept on looking but I  
couldn't catch his eye  
Oh then he got up and he saw me  
But he just walked right on by and  
danced with her.

Two weeks later I heard a knock on my  
door  
He was back just like all those good  
times before  
Oh he kissed me and he told me  
I left her cause I love you so much more  
than I knew.

I saw a man and he danced with his  
wife  
But now he's dancing with me  
I remember before when we danced on  
this floor  
His eyes were only on me.

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## (YOU'RE) HAVING MY BABY

(As recorded by Paul Anka)

PAUL ANKA

Having my baby  
What a lovely way of saying how much  
you love me  
Having my baby  
What a lovely way of saying what  
you're thinkin' of me  
I can see it, your face is glowing  
I can see it in your eyes  
I'm happy in knowin'  
That you're having my baby  
You're the woman I love  
And I love what it's doin' to you  
Having my baby  
You're a woman in love  
And I love what's goin' thru you  
The need inside you  
I see it showin'  
Oh, the seed inside you baby  
Do you feel it growin'  
Are you happy knowin'  
That you're having my baby  
Girl: (I'm a woman in love and I love  
what it's doin' to me)  
Having my baby  
Girl: (I'm a woman in love and I love  
what's goin' thru me)  
Didn't have to keep it  
Couldn't put you thru it  
You could have swept it from your life  
But you wouldn't do it  
No you wouldn't do it  
And you're having my baby  
Girl: (I'm a woman in love and I love  
what it's doin' to me)  
Having my baby  
Girl: (I'm a woman in love and I love  
what's goin' thru me.)  
Having my baby.

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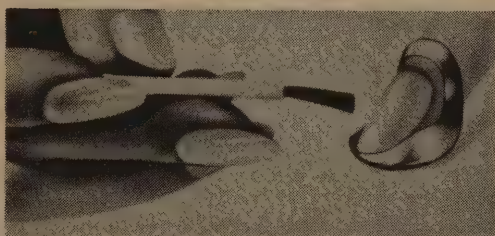
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- Looks as natural as your own nails
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## THE MOONLIGHT SPECIAL

(As recorded by Ray Stevens)

RAY STEVENS

It's the Moonlight Special comin' on TV  
Yeah the Moonlight Special  
Late night, outa sight rock 'n roll music  
for you and me.

It's the Moonlight Special comin' on TV  
Yeah the Moonlight Special for you and  
me

Now here's your host from the coast  
Sounds like a frog doin' the monologue  
It's the Sheep Dog  
Sha ba da oo oo.

Yeah baby! It's the Sheep Dog, Sheep  
Dog, Sheep Dog! Aaaaa! (Howl) All  
right, crazy! Too cool! Outa sight! Right  
on! And far out! Yeah! Join my flock  
here for the next half hour of fantastic  
sights and sounds on the Moonlight  
Special! Yeah! Dig it! What a show we  
got for ya tonight, gang! And here to get  
things rollin' is the fabulous Mildred  
Queen and the Dips! Yeah!

(Mildred Queen and the Dips)

Mildred: I

Dips: (I)

Love you (love you)

Yes I do (yes I do)

I really do (really do)

And I just wanna take the time to let  
you know how much you really, really  
mean to me

(Just wanna take the time to let you  
know how much you really, really mean  
to me)

And I promise that I'll love you dear  
forever if you'll only try to make the  
scene with me

(Promise that I'll love you dear forever if  
you'll only try to make the scene with  
me)

Wait a minute!

(Wait a minute!)

How come y'all sing everything I sing?  
(How come y'all sing everything I  
sing?)

Now cut that out!

(Cut that out!)

Stop that!

(Stop that)

Now I know why they call you guys the  
dips!

(Now I know why they call you guys the  
dips)

You're dippy!

(You're dippy!)

Ahhh!

(Ahhh!)

How 'bout that all you heavy dudes and  
chickies out there!

How 'bout that!

Mildred Queen and the Dips!

Yeah!

Mildred Queen and the Dips!

Here on the Moonlight Special!

It's the Moonlight Special comin' on TV  
Yeah

We're comin' on TV yeah

The Moonlight Special

Yeah

This is the old Sheep Dog ... Sheep Dog!  
And now continuing on with the fine  
sounds!

Hang on to your seats, gang, 'cause here  
he is!

Agnes Stupor ... Agnes Stupor and his  
Chicken!

Yeah!

(Agnes Stupor)

Yeah

Flash an old lady, now

Oh wreck the family car

Oh

Paint the livin' room carpet

Yeah, cut down the cherry tree and say  
ya didn't do it, now  
Here, hold my chicken!

Hey! How 'bout that rockers ... Agnes  
Stupor and his Chicken! Wow!  
Dynamite! Yeah! And in case you're  
wonderin', you're listenin' and  
watchin' the Moonlight Special! And  
this is the old Sheep Dog ... Sheep Dog!  
And now to really lay it down for ya!  
Here to get it on! Hang on Sloopy ...  
'Cause here he is ... The King of the  
piano-rockers himself! Here he is; Jerry  
Joe Harry Lee Jimmy Billy yeah!

Wow! Unbelievable! Watch out, he's  
gonna play with his feet now! Watch  
out! Heavy! The man's a giant! Hey!

Hey that was Jerry Joe Harry Lee Jimmy  
Billy! The King of rock 'n roll piano and  
that just about takes all the time away!  
That wraps it up for this week, guys 'n  
gals! But don't forget we'll be comin'  
back next week! The old Sheep Dog'll be  
back, yeah, one more time for a little  
more of that Moonlight Special, yeah!  
Until then, just remember ... aaaaa!

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## EYES OF SILVER

(As recorded by The Doobie Brothers)

TOM JOHNSTON

Eyes of silver

Hungry and aware

Eyes of silver

Your mystic love I share

Cause I'm hungry baby for the love you  
give away

To kick out all that stupid pride that's  
standing in my way

Inside my eyes are open wide for your  
eyes of silver

On which I shall rely

Diamonds are forever

And gold can make you lie

But your eyes of silver shine on, shine  
on.

Blades of steel have helped a man to  
conquer all

Rubies by the hundreds fill the Taj  
Mahal

But your eyes of silver you tell me what I  
need to bring this cold and lonely man  
down to his bended knees

Inside my arms are open wide for your  
eyes of silver

On which I shall rely.

Diamonds are forever

And gold can make you die, die, die,  
die,

But your eyes of silver

Shine on, shine on, shine on

Baby, yeah, baby shine on baby with  
your eyes

Eyes of silver shine on, shine on

Eyes of silver let it shine on, shine on.

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## WALK ON

(As recorded by Neil Young)

NEIL YOUNG

Hear some people been talkin' me  
down

Bring up my name spread it 'round  
They don't mention happy times  
They do their thing I do mine.

Ooo baby that's hard to change  
I can't tell them how to feel  
Some get stoned, some get strange  
But sooner or later it all gets real  
Walk on, walk on, walk on, walk on.

I remember the good ol' days  
Stayed up all night getting crazed  
Then the money was not so good  
But I still did the best I could.  
(Repeat chorus)

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## ROCK THE BOAT

(As recorded by The Hues Corporation)

WALLY HOLMES

So I'd like to know where you got the  
notion

Said I'd like to know where you got the  
notion

To rock the boat  
Don't rock the boat, baby  
Rock the boat  
Don't tip the boat over  
Rock the boat  
Don't rock the boat baby  
Rock the boat.

Ever since our voyage of life began  
Your touch has thrilled me like the rush  
of the wind  
And your arms have held me safe from  
the rolling sea  
There's always been a quiet place to  
harbor you and me.

Our love is like a ship on the ocean  
We've been sailing with a cargo full of  
love and devotion.

So I'd like to know where you got the  
notion  
Said I'd like to know where you got the  
notion

To rock the boat  
Don't rock the boat, baby  
Rock the boat  
Don't tip the boat over  
Rock the boat  
Don't rock the boat, baby  
Rock the boat.

Up to now we've sailed through ev'ry  
storm  
And I've always had your tender lips to  
keep me warm  
Oh, I need to have the strength that  
flows from you  
Don't let me drift away, my dear  
When love can see me through.

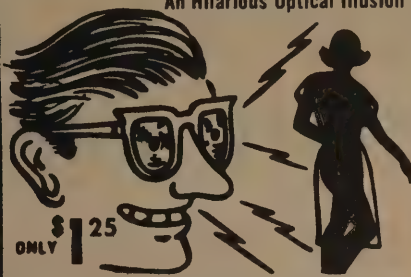
Our love is like a ship on the ocean  
We've been sailing with a cargo full of  
love and devotion.

(Repeat chorus).

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to work hard	T	o	i	l
frozen water		c	e	
huge man		i	a	n
to go out		x	i	t
color of blood		e	d	

### OFFICIAL ENTRY PUZZLE

\$18,500 CASH AWARD  
ANIMAL CONTEST



## IT'S ONLY ROCK 'N ROLL

(As recorded by The Rolling Stones)

MICK JAGGER  
KETIH RICHARD

If I could stick my hand in my heart  
I would spill it all over the stage  
Would it satisfy ya  
Would it slide on by ya  
Would you think the boy is strange  
Ain't he strange  
If I could win ya  
If I could sing ya a love song so divine  
Would it be enough for your cheating heart  
If I broke down and cried  
If I cried.

I said I know it's only rock 'n roll  
But I like it  
I know it's only rock 'n roll  
But I like it, like it yes I do  
Oh well I like it, I like it, I like it  
I said can't you see that this old boy has  
been-a lonely.

If I could stick a knife in my heart  
Suicide right on stage  
Would it be enough for your teenage  
lust

Would it help to ease the pain  
Ease your brain  
If I could dig down deep in my heart  
Feelings would flood on the page  
Would it satisfy ya  
Would it slide on by ya  
Would you think the boy's insane  
He's insane.  
(Repeat chorus)

And do ya think that you're the only girl  
around  
I bet you think that you're the only  
woman in town  
I said I know it's only rock 'n roll but I  
like it  
I know it's only rock 'n roll but I like it,  
like it  
Yes I do  
Oh well I like it, I like it, I like it.

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## WILDWOOD WEED

(As recorded by Jim Stafford)

JIM STAFFORD  
DON BOWMAN

Wildwood flower grew wild on the  
farm  
And we never knowed what it was  
called  
Some said it was a flow'r and some said  
it was a weed  
I didn't give it much thought  
One day I was out there talkin' to my  
brother and I reached down for a weed  
to chew on  
Things got fuzzy and things got blurry  
And then ev'rything was gone  
Didn't know what happened but I knew  
it beat the hell out of sniffing burlap.

I come to and my brother was there and  
he said,  
"What's wrong with your eyes?"  
I said "I don't know, I was chewin' on  
the weed"  
He said, "Let me give it a try"  
We spent the rest of that day and most  
of that night try'n to find my brother Bill  
Caught up with him about six o'clock  
the next mornin'  
Naked, singing on the windmill  
(He said he flew up there)  
I had to fly up and get him down  
He was about half crazy.

The very next day we picked a bunch of  
them weeds and we put 'em in the sun  
to dry  
Then we mashed 'em up and we  
cleaned 'em off  
Put 'em in the corn cob pot  
Smokin' them wildwood flowers got to  
be a habit  
We never seen no harm  
We thought it was kind-a handy, take a  
trip and never leave the farm  
Big ol' puff of that wildwood weed next  
thing you know you're just wand'ring  
round behind the little animals.

All good things got to come to an end  
It's the same with the wildwood weeds  
One day this feller from Washington  
come by  
And spied one and turned white as a  
sheet  
And they dug and they burned  
And they burned and they dug and they  
killed  
All our cute little weeds and then they  
drove away  
We just smiled and waved sittin' there  
on that sack o' seeds

"Y'all come back now, y'hear!"

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## MOST LIKELY YOU GO YOUR WAY (And I'll Go Mine)

(As recorded by Bob Dylan & The Band)

BOB DYLAN

You say you love me  
And you're thinkin' of me  
But you know you could be wrong  
You say you told me  
That you wanna hold me  
But you know you're not that strong  
I just can't do what I done before  
I just can't beg you any more  
I'm gonna let you pass  
And I'll go last  
Then time will tell just who fell  
And who's been left behind  
When you go your way and I go mine.

You say you disturb me  
And you don't deserve me  
But you know sometimes you lie  
You say you're shakin'  
And you're always achin'  
But you know how hard you try  
Sometimes it gets so hard to care  
It can't be this way ev'rywhere  
And I'm gonna let you pass  
Yes, and I'll go last  
Then time will tell just who fell  
And who's been left behind  
When you go your way and I go mine.

The judge, he holds a grudge  
He's gonna call on you  
But he's badly built  
And he walks on stilts  
Watch out he don't fall on you.

You say you're sorry  
For tellin' stories.  
That you know I believe are true  
You say ya got some  
Other kinda lovwe  
And yes, I believe you do  
You say my kisses are not like his  
But this time I'm not gonna tell you why  
that is  
I'm just gonna let you pass  
Yes, and I'll go last  
Then time will tell who fell  
And who's been left behind  
When you go your way and I go mine.

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# If Clark Gable, Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe Had Known About Biorhythm—They Might Be Alive Today

## New discovery of hidden natural power can bring you health, happiness, success...even make the difference between life and death!

Imagine. You've run out of gas on a cold, moonless night. You're shivering and scared. But you must cross the woods to get home. Darkness conceals hidden dangers. You could slip on an icy spot, or stumble over a fallen tree. Just as bad, you could walk in circles for hours. Darkness also hides the one safe path—to a warm house, a cozy fire, loving friends.

What if someone came along and offered you a little light? Would it make a difference?

Of course it would. And that's why I want to share MY little light with you. It's called the science of Biorhythm. And may have made the difference in my life between success and failure, perhaps even life and death.

Biorhythm could make a big difference in your life, too. Let me explain why.

*The Philadelphia Inquirer (Nov. 4, 1973) reports that "Biorhythm poses such a natural and logical explanation for our fluctuating health and temperance that it simply cannot be overlooked."*

### How I Discovered Biorhythm

Like you, I want to do the best for my loved ones. To insure my children's good health, my husband's financial success, my own sensitivity as wife and mother. And, of course, I want to really understand myself. But before I discovered Biorhythm, I only had "fate" and women's intuition to guide me.

I was often filled with self-doubts and fears. What if my husband had a terrible car accident? What if his business suddenly failed? What if my children got seriously ill?

And then a miracle happened.

A scientist friend told me my fears MIGHT BE PREVENTED ONCE AND FOR ALL!

How could I not listen? My friend introduced me to the science of Biorhythm. He calls it "one of the most effective life controls known to man and woman."

### Clark Gable's Death Predicted

On the John Nebel radio show in 1960 a bio-

rhythmist predicted that, according to Clark Gable's biorhythm chart, the star (who had recently suffered a heart attack) would have a "critical day" on November 16. He urged extra precautions for Gable on that day.

ON Nov. 16 Gable died and the doctors, who had not heeded the biorhythmist's warning, stated that "Gable could have been saved had the heart machine been available quickly."

### The Difference Biorhythm Has Made For Me

Now that I've learned of Biorhythm, I'm less moody, more creative, more sensitive to my family, more aware of myself. Biorhythm might help you too make decisions more confidently, quickly. What's more, physically you'll feel more energetic, less run-down. Biorhythm might even help you stick to a diet. And as an extra bonus, try gambling during your "high" days—you might be called a "born winner."

### Nature's Secret Clock

In brief, Biorhythm operates on the basis of our natural biological cycles. You know about women's menstrual cycles. Well, scientists also chart 3 other major cycles: emotional, physical and mental. They effect each of us from the moment we're born. And we each have a unique pattern, based on our day and year of birth.

When these cycles are at their "highs" we're most likely to give our peak performances. When they're low, the opposite is true. And when the cycles are changing, we're in our critical days. That's when we're most susceptible to accidents and poor judgement.

A recent book on biorhythm reveals some fascinating facts. All of these occurred on critical days:

- Jack Ruby's murder of Lee Harvey Oswald
- Sirhan Sirhan's assassination of Robert Kennedy
- Arthur Bremer's attempt on George Wallace's life

What's more, Judy Garland and Marilyn Monroe swallowed lethal doses of sleeping pills on critical days.

### Evidence Overwhelming

Industries around the world swear by Biorhythm. They credit Biorhythm for their outstanding safety records. These include:

- the transportation system in Zurich, Switzerland
- several European airlines
- over 5,000 firms in Japan!

*The Long Island Press quotes Russel K. Anderson, head of a U.S. Industrial Consulting firm (March 30, 1973), "We have analyzed more than 1,000 accidents during the past two years and the amazing thing is that we have come out with more than 90% of the accidents occurring on the critical days."*

### Biorhythm Scoops on Sporting Upsets

- Muhammed Ali lost to Ken Norton on Ali's critical day
- Floyd Patterson lost to Ingmar Johanson on a critical day
- Arnold Palmer shocked fans at the Pro Golfer's Association Play-off in 1962 when the "sure winner" tied for 17th place instead (he was at a biorhythmic low)
- Bobby Riggs lost to Billie Jean King on a day when his physical cycle was critical and his emotional cycle low (Ms. King, however, was at an emotional and intellectual high)

### Research Study Now In Progress

Biorhythm could be one of today's most powerful sources for self-knowledge and life control. It helps you know the most important person in your life—yourself.

To help YOU discover Biorhythm's effectiveness, the Life Cycle Institute invites you to participate in a special research project. You can see for yourself how Biorhythm improves your health, your diet, financial success, family happiness, sexual responses, vacation trips, everything! At the same time you'll be engaging in valuable life-changing research. See Life Cycle Institute's special offer below.

## LIFE CYCLE INSTITUTE

### Needs YOUR Help In Our Research Program

Thanks to computer technology, Biorhythm will soon be available to the general public. At Life Cycle Institute, we are currently compiling results from thousands of Biorhythm users—and need your report for our on-going research. When this research is completed, Biorhythm charts will cost approximately \$10 a year—a low sum considering the work involved, and Biorhythm's effectiveness.

But right now you can receive a full year's Biorhythm chart for only \$3.95 plus .55 handling (this just about covers our costs). All we ask is that, at the end of the year, you inform us of how Biorhythm has helped improve your life. As a research participant, you will also receive a full report of Life Cycle's research findings.

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Act now. Fill out and mail the form on the right to Bio-Cycle, Limited, 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017, and let YOUR Biorhythm start working for you.

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I wish to participate in Life Cycle Institute's Research Study and get my personal computerized Biorhythm chart at a special research price. Enclosed please find \$3.95 plus .55 (handling charge) for each chart requested. I understand that if I am not completely satisfied, I will return my chart within the next 365 days for full refund.

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City \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_ Zip \_\_\_\_\_

Date of Birth: Day \_\_\_\_\_ Month \_\_\_\_\_ Year \_\_\_\_\_

Time of Birth: \_\_\_\_\_ AM \_\_\_\_\_ PM Place of birth \_\_\_\_\_

If no time is given, 12 p.m. will be used. For additional Biorhythm charts, attach sheet of paper with necessary information (name, address, and date and time of birth.)

I enclose check or money order for

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- ☐ 2 Biorhythm Charts for \$7.90

Life Cycle Institute reserves the right to terminate offer when research is completed.



## RIVER'S RISIN'

(As recorded by Edgar Winter)

DAN HARTMAN

Ooo the river's risin' yeah yeah  
Ooo you're realizin'  
The moon is smilin'  
The stars are shinin'  
It's happening all again  
As time is movin' it's plainly provin'  
It's just around the bend.  
Ooo yeah the city's growin'  
Ooo yeah the country's goin'  
The wind is sweepin'  
The rain is weepin'  
It's happening all again  
As time is movin' it's plainly provin'  
It's just around the, just around the  
It's just around the bend  
Ah, ah, ah.  
Hey, hey, the earth is changin'

There'll be nothin' remainin'  
The world is turnin'  
The sun is burnin'  
It's happening all again  
As time is movin' it's plainly provin'  
It's just around the, just around the  
It's just around the bend  
Ah, ah, ah.

The moon is smilin'  
The stars are shinin'  
It's happening all again  
As time is movin' it's plainly provin'  
It's just around the bend  
Wind is sweepin'  
The rain is weepin'  
It's happening all again  
As time is movin' it's plainly provin'  
It's just around the bend  
You know it's just around the bend  
I said it's just around the bend.

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## SHININ' ON

(As recorded by Grand Funk Railroad)

M. FARNER  
D. BREWER

We are winners and losers  
Bed fellow choosers  
Put here to pass by the times  
We are space age sailors  
All had our failures  
Now ev'rybody gonna shine

Keep it shinin' on.  
Keep it shinin' on.

See the fire within me burnin'  
Touch the fire, makes me feel so fine  
Keep the fire within you livin'  
Ev'rybody gonna shine, shine, shine,

Keep it shinin' on  
Keep it shinin' on  
Keep it shinin' on  
Keep it shinin'  
Keep it shinin'  
Keep it shinin' on.

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## YOU HAVEN'T DONE NOTHIN'

(As recorded by Stevie Wonder)

STEVIE WONDER

We are amazed but not amused by all  
the things you say that you'll do  
Though much concerned but not involved  
with decisions that are made by you  
But we are sick and tired of hearing your  
song  
Tellin' how you are gonna change right  
from wrong  
'Cause if you really want to hear our  
views  
"You haven't done nothin'".  
It's not too cool to be ridiculed  
But you brought this upon yourself  
The world is tired of pacifiers  
We want the truth and nothing else  
yeah  
And we are sick and tired of hearing  
your song  
Tellin' how you are gonna change right  
from wrong

'Cause if you really want to hear our  
views

"You haven't done nothin' "  
Jackson Five join along with me  
Sing doo doo wop hey hey hey  
Doo doo wop wow wow wow  
Doo doo wop naw naw naw  
Doo doo wop co co co  
Doo doo wop bum bum bum  
Doo doo wop.

We would not care to wake up to the  
nightmare that's becomin' real life  
But when misled who knows a person's  
mind can turn as cold as ice um hum  
Why do you keep on makin' us hear your  
song

Tellin' us how you are changing right  
from wrong

'Cause if you really want to hear our  
views

"You haven't done nothin' "  
(Repeat chorus).

Sing it loud for you people say.

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## TELL HER LOVE HAS FELT THE NEED

(As recorded by Eddie Kendricks)

LEONARD CASTON  
KATHY WAKEFIELD

In the morning when she wakes  
Light of dawn come touch her face  
Sunshine keep her warm and safe  
Wind come blow her tears away.

Tell her love has felt the need to leave  
her

Tell her love has felt the need to free her  
I could never be what she wants of me.

Diamond rings and wedding plans  
Children laughing and holding hands  
She deserves that kind of man  
My life's like the shifting sands.

I could never be what she wants of me  
Tell her love has felt the need to leave  
her

Tell her love has felt the need to free  
her.

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## NOTHING FROM NOTHING

(As recorded by Billy Preston)

BILLY PRESTON  
BRUCE FISHER

Nothing from nothing leaves nothing  
You gotta have something if you wanna  
be with me  
Nothing from nothing leaves nothing  
You gotta have something if you wanna  
be with me.  
I'm not try'n to be your hero

'Cause that zero is too cold for me  
I'm not try'n to be your highness  
'Cause that minus is too low to see.

Nothing from nothing leaves nothing  
And I'm not stuffin' believe you me  
Don't you remember I told you I'm a  
soldier in the war on poverty yeah  
Gotta have something to be with me  
Gotta favor.

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## DOOR TO YOUR HEART

(As recorded by The Dramatics)

TONY HESTER

In the corner on the wall  
Underneath the staircase in the hall  
On a hook behind the door  
In the closet on the floor  
In the cumber on a shelf  
In the cellar in the dark.

Anywhere see it there  
A place for me in your heart  
Cause I been wanting you and needing

you and loving you  
And waiting for the door to your heart to  
swing open, to swing open, to swing  
open

So that I can come on in.

In the corner on the wall  
Underneath the staircase in the hall  
On a hook behind the door  
In the closet on the floor  
In the cumber on the shelf  
In the cellar in the dark.

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## ANOTHER SATURDAY NIGHT

(As recorded by Cat Stevens)

SAM COOKE

Another Saturday night when I ain't got  
nobody

I got some money cause I just got paid  
Now how I wish I had someone to talk  
to

I'm in an awful way (dig this).

I got in town a month ago  
I've seen a lot of girls since then  
If I could meet 'em I could get 'em  
I haven't met 'em  
That's why I'm in the shape I'm in.

Here's another Saturday night when I  
ain't got nobody

I got some money cause I just got paid  
Now how I wish I had someone to talk  
to

How I wish I had some chick to talk to  
I'm in an awful way.

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## YOU AND ME AGAINST THE WORLD

(As recorded by Helen Reddy)

PAUL WILLIAMS  
KEN ASCHER

You and me against the world  
Sometimes it feels like you and me  
against the world  
When all the others turn their back and  
walk away

You can count on me to stay  
Remember when the circus came to  
town and you were frightened by the  
clown

Wasn't it nice to be around someone  
that you knew  
Someone who was big and strong and  
lookin' out for you and me against the  
world

Sometimes it feels like you and me  
against the world.

And for all the times we've cried  
I always felt the odds were on our side

And when one of us is gone  
And one is left alone to carry on  
Well then remembering will have to do  
Our memories alone will get us through  
Think about the days of me and you  
Of you and me against the world.

Life can be a circus  
They under pay and over work us  
And though we seldom get our due  
When each day is through  
I bring my tired body home and look  
around for you and me against the  
world  
Sometimes it feels like you and me  
against the world

And for all the times we've cried  
I always felt that God was on our side  
And when one of us is gone  
And one is left alone to carry on  
Well then remembering will have to do  
Our memories alone will get us through  
Think about the days of me and you  
Of you and me against the world.

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## FEEL LIKE MAKIN' LOVE

(As recorded by Roberta Flack)

EUGENE McDANIELS

Strollin' in the park watchin' the water  
turn to spring

Walkin' in the dark seein' lovers do their  
thing

That's the time I feel like makin' love to  
you

That's the time I feel like makin' dreams  
come true, oh baby

In a restaurant holdin' hands by can-  
dlelight

While I'm touchin' you wantin' you  
with all my might

That's the time I feel like makin' love to  
you

That's the time I feel like makin' dreams  
come true, oh baby.

When you talk to me when you're  
moanin' sweet and low

When you're touchin' me and my  
feelings start to show

That's the time I feel like makin' love to  
you

That's the time I feel like makin' dreams  
come true, oh baby.

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Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019.

## DON'T LET THE SUN GO DOWN ON ME

(As recorded by Elton John)

ELTON JOHN  
BERNIE TAUPIN

I can't light no more of your darkness  
All my pictures seem to fade to black  
and white

I'm growing tired and time stands still  
before me

Frozen here on the ladder of my life  
Too late to save myself from falling  
I took a chance and changed your way  
of life

But you misread my meaning when I  
met you

Closed the door and left me blinded by  
the light.

Don't let the sun go down on me  
Although I search myself it's always  
someone else I see

I'd just allow a fragment of your life to  
wander free

But losing ev'rything is like the sun go-  
ing down on me.

I can't find oh the right romantic line  
But see me once and see the way I feel  
Don't discard me just because you think  
I mean you harm

But these cuts I have oh they need love  
to help them heal.

Don't let the sun go down on me  
Although I search myself it's always  
someone else I see

I'd just allow a fragment of your life to  
wander free

But losing ev'rything is like the sun go-  
ing down on me.

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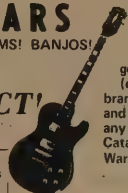
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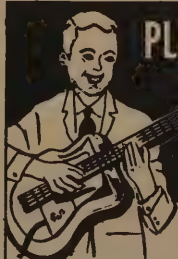
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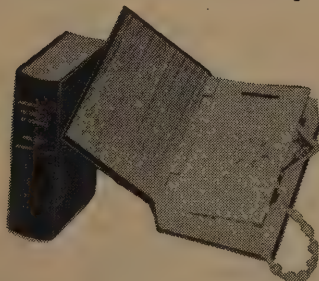
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## ANNIE'S SONG

(As recorded by John Denver)

JOHN DENVER

You fill up my senses  
Like a night in a forest  
Like the mountains in springtime  
Like a walk in the rain  
Like a storm in the desert  
Like a sleepy blue ocean  
You fill up my senses  
Come fill me again.  
Come let me love you  
Let me give my life to you  
Let me drown in your laughter  
Let me die in your arms

Let me lay down beside you  
Let me always be with you  
Come let me love you  
Come love me again.  
Let me give my love to you  
Come let me love you  
Come love me again  
You fill up my senses  
Like a night in a forest  
Like the mountains in springtime  
Like a walk in the rain  
Like a storm in the desert  
Like a sleepy blue ocean  
You fill up my senses  
Come fill me again.

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## SURE AS I'M SITTING HERE

(As recorded by Three Dog Night)

JOHN HIATT

You get up, you get down  
You get lost and then you get found  
Sure as I'm sittin' here  
Sure as I'm sittin' here.

You get a laugh, you get a cry  
You get 'em all before you die  
Sure as I'm sittin' here  
Sure as I'm sittin' here.  
Come on sit down, get down  
Come on sit down, get down  
Sure as I'm sittin' here  
Sure as I'm sittin' here.

All the ladies hypnotize you  
And all your friends, well, they just patronize you  
Don't gotta look for God, cause he's just sittin' here  
And I think he's got a plan  
But it's not so clear.

You get the truth, you get a lie  
'Nuff to make a grown man cry  
Sure as I'm sittin' here  
Sure as I'm sittin' here.  
You get the truth, you get a lie  
'Nuff to make a grown man cry  
Sure as I'm sittin' here  
Sure as I'm sittin' here.  
You get the light, you get the dark  
Fall in love and it breaks your heart  
Sure as I'm sittin' here  
Sure as I'm sittin' here.

Now you might think it's confusing  
With all you get, well, look what all you're losing  
But it's just life and it just goes on  
So quit with your complaining  
Soon enough you will be gone.

Ummm, umm, ummm, ummm.

Sure as I'm sittin' here  
Sure as I'm sittin' here.

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## IF YOU TALK IN YOUR SLEEP

(As recorded by Elvis Presley)

BOBBY "RED" WEST

JOHNNY CHRISTOPHER

I know you're a lonely woman  
And I love you  
Someone else is waiting and he owns you  
If he should ever wake up  
Be sure your story is straight up  
If you talk in your sleep  
Don't mention my name  
If you walk in your sleep  
Forget where you came.

Walking ev'ry night here in the shadows  
So afraid that sometime he may follow  
There's always a chance he'll find us  
So I don't need to remind you  
If you talk in your sleep  
Don't mention my name

If you walk in your sleep  
Forget where you came.

Love is so much sweeter when it's borrowed  
But I'll feel a little easier tomorrow  
Don't give our secret away  
Be careful what you say  
If you talk in your sleep  
Don't mention my name  
If you walk in your sleep  
Forget where you came.

Forget where you came now  
Forget where you came  
Don't mention my name  
Don't mention my name  
Forget where you came.

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## I'M LEAVING IT UP TO YOU

(As recorded by Donny & Marie Osmond)

DON HARRIS  
DEWEY TERRY, JR.

I'm leavin' it all up to you  
You decide what you're gonna do  
Now do you want my love or are we through?

That's why I'm leavin' it up to you  
I've got my heart in my hand  
I-I-I don't understand what have I done wrong

I worship the ground you walk on.

That's why I'm leavin' it up to you  
You decide what you're gonna do  
Now do you want my love or are we through?  
Or are we through?, Or are we through?

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## PUT OUT THE LIGHT

(As recorded by Joe Cocker)

DANIEL MOORE

Why should I worry when I know you're lovin' me  
Why should I care when there's joy everywhere  
Why can't I see the beauty of the light  
When somebody I trusted, somebody I knew quite well  
Somebody I loved done reached up and put out the light.

Put out the light  
Turned the day into night  
Put out the light

Turned the day into night.

I got this little melody  
I think it's makin' it blue on me  
Then I hear the symphony  
And that's what I get and that's what's been takin' out the best of me.

Why should I hurry when I do the best I can  
Do what I do and I hope you understand  
Why can't I see the beauty of the light  
When somebody I trusted, somebody I knew quite well  
Somebody I loved done reached up and put out the light.

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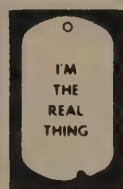
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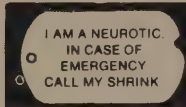
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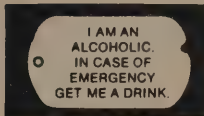
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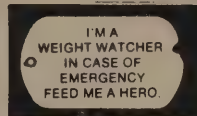
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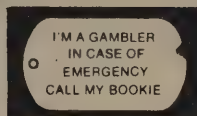
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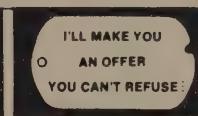
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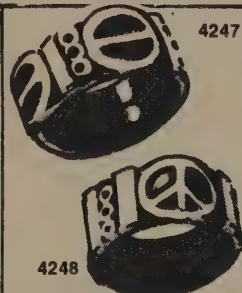
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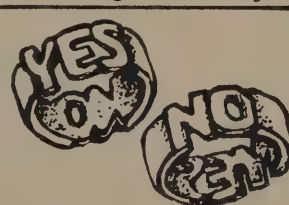
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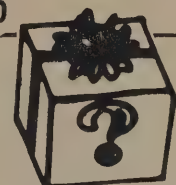
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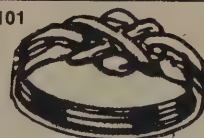
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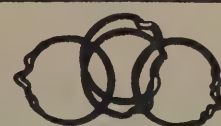
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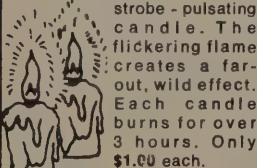


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## ON TOUR WITH BOWIE

(continued from page 29)

smoothly. And Lisa Robinson took what seemed like hundreds of pages of notes. The guards, however, were better prepared for the second onslaught and managed to hold the wave of fans back to about the tenth row. Near the end of the show it is my usual practice to induce the guards to let the fans come forward as it usually makes for a happier ending all around if the fans can get closer to Bowie for the finale. This time, unfortunately, I was rather uncomfortably trapped in the middle of the second row and couldn't get out. I managed to get Angela's attention and motioned to her that the fans should be let forward. She agreed and approached the guards to arrange it. As she tapped one on the shoulder, he whirled and grabbing her by the throat threw her over a couple of rows of seats. As I madly tried to get to the aisle to help her I also managed to trip over several people and, cameras and all, went sprawling in the aisle. When I reached the guard he was trying to strangle Angela and for some reason I will never understand, was glad to release her into my custody. We fled backstage. There was no encore. (Later, when someone questioned the guard, he said he thought she might be someone sneaking up behind him and she might have had a weapon. Really.)

After this show, we were all loaded into our separate cars and returned to our respective hotels. This does not make for very wild parties. A few half-hearted phone calls followed from one hotel to another. A few people at my hotel ventured over to the Hyatt. These few were unfortunately the only ones who had had the foresight to order wine for their rooms before they left for the show that night as our hotel did not feature late night room service. So, the rest of us were

left with no booze, no fun, and sad but true, no TV. The regular channels had signed off and our vintage television sets were not equipped with the famous UHF channels that exhibit moderately hardcore porn late at night. Various members of the "heavy" music press were watching something about Swedish girls on their more modern sets, I am told.

Tony Zanetta, president of MainMan, and I decided to wander the streets in search of adventure and maybe end up at the other hotel. When we went down to the lobby, we were presented by the desk clerk with a black rose — very black, complete with a black stem and thorns. A fan had left it. We decided it was an omen and went back upstairs to bed. Angela and David sat up very late chatting with friends. David prefers to relax after the show in this way.

The next morning my TV was working again and, as I packed, I watched a very personable Canadian lady discuss the various ghosts she had exorcised from people's homes. The flight home was uneventful. Tony DeFries and Melanie missed it (I guess they're late sometimes.)

I had a week in New York to finish up the pictures I had done in Toronto before I was to go to Detroit for my second go at it. The pictures from Toronto turned out very nice. They reassured me that my initial impressions of the show had been correct — especially about the set which was striking in the photographs. When the review from the press began to appear I was further reassured. They were universally favorable.

While I was in New York, Bowie was still on the road — "makin' the bacon." Somehow, his voice had healed itself, even though it was given no rest period. He proceeded from Toronto directly to Rochester, then two shows on successive nights in Cleveland, and the Toledo (that same terrible circus arena I had just been in with Mott). Finally, he had a day off in Detroit, before he was to do two shows

there — one Saturday, one Sunday. I was not there on his day off, but I understand he spent that evening at a small night club operated by John Sinclair in a downtown Detroit hotel. Remember John Sinclair. He was one of the ones who fought the revolution for us in the late sixties. I guess we must have won — he has his own bar now.

Saturday morning in New York, it rained — it poured. Our car was late to take us to the airport. We all got wet. No one was smiling. In an effort to cheer us up, Jaime Andrews, MainMan's vice-president, bought everyone his own magazine. He picked each one individually, and allotted me "Rona Barret's Gossip". He couldn't have done better. Nothing could cheer me up more easily. Rona, incidentally, is quite a follower of Mr. and Mrs. Bowie and had dutifully included a few items about them in this issue. The best item however, was about Zsa Zsa Gabor. It seems while strolling the streets of London recently, she was spotted by a small British girl who shouted, "Mommy, Mommy, look. It's Danny LaRue!" (Danny LaRue, in case you don't know, is the famous British transvestite who might be even older than Zsa Zsa.) After everyone had read this, things seemed rosier. About one minute before departure, Tony DeFries and Melanie showed up.

The flight got crazier as we drained little liquor bottles like "Nickel-Nip". Melanie trotted back from her first class seat to visit those of us in the steerage and a regular little party ensued. By the time we landed in Detroit we were ready for anything — anything but what happened.

Our hotel in Detroit is one of my favorite hotels, The St. Regis Sheraton. It is small and friendly and has rugs on the floor as opposed to the usual shag carpeting. Its one drawback is its lack of room service on Sunday, but as we check in we were told proudly that hotel policy had changed and they now had room service on Sundays until ten o'clock. Hooray.

We were all starving and planned to change clothes quickly and rush right out to a nice restaurant for a real feed. We had a few hours until showtime. We had been in our rooms only about ten minutes when a knock came on each door with the announcement that no one was to leave the hotel. It was like a murder mystery. Everyone came out of their rooms into the hall. All-mystified. No one knew what was up. The messenger knew no more than he told us. "Stay in the hotel until further notice from Tony DeFries." So we did. In about half an hour our phones began to ring. There would be no show that night. We were free to do as we pleased. The show the next night was on — so far. After a little research, this is the story I uncovered. Some one had unwisely booked Bowie into the For Auditorium, a small, beautifully equipped theatre with only one drawback. That same afternoon they were having a high school commencement. After the Commencement the Bowie crew would have about three hours to set up a set that takes twelve hours to build. Impossible. So, no show.

(continued on page 62)





# PETER TOWNSHEND

(continued from page 41)

"I find that incredibly strange. It reduces the level of the performance, I suppose, to the level of a job. It feels like a job. I don't think anybody that works in the music field operates like that.

"The point is that performing is obviously a big part of what I do, but it's not all I do. I mean, I write, I think about music at home, I'm involved constantly in the sort of fluidity of the group, the business side of the group, interviews, and in all kinds of talks with all different kinds of people, working with other musicians, all kinds of stuff. It's a constant flow of work and involvement.

"I mean, sometimes I get told off because when I'm not working, I won't admit it, you know. I seem to believe that I'm working all the time.

"But that really hits me, if I walk out and I go to a performance. I think it's because a performance is such an extreme type of work. It's so sort of hyperphysical and hyper-everything. I mean, the adrenalin count is like —

"I suppose it's almost like being a runner and spending years in training, and then the race itself is something that — I don't know — it stands out, but you can't really relate to it. You can't remember exactly what happened. You can't remember the details. You just know that you poured a fantastic amount into it and what follows is anticlimactic.

"And that's really why if you go to somebody's home, and you sit there and you relax, you talk about how are the kids, how's this, how's that, oh that's a nice painting, blah blah blah blah, you know, that kind of a trip, it makes that stage performance seem so much more extreme and so much more disarming.

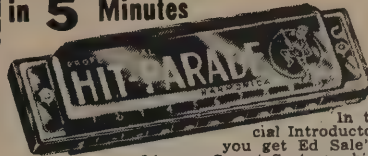
"In fact, it is possible to get really put out of joint by it. If you're not ready to walk on a stage and be a rock star, you can fucking really be knocked over by it. Sometimes you might not feel that you want to walk on and explode. You just might want to walk on and play.

"Sometimes I have to psych myself up anyway. Keith does it. Keith like raises his adrenalin up by — sometimes he screams or smashes the dressing room up just before he goes on. Or picks a fight with anybody." Here Pete laughed heartily. Being a rock star is a serious business for him, but while he may think a lot more than the average lead guitarist, he still appreciates the ridiculous fun that is at the bottom of it all. □

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## ON TOUR WITH BOWIE

(continued from page 60)

I decided to go see Bowie. I was met at the door to his suite by Corinne — or rather one of her eyes as this is all I could see through the tiny opening as she peered out at me. "I'd like to see David, please," I said. The inch the door had opened closed again. I waited. In a minute, the door opened fully and a smiling Corinne apologized that Stuey was not in and surely I understood that she had to clear all guests through Bowie before anyone could get in. I understood. If I were Bowie, I would do the same or worse. He is under a constant barrage of fans, press, and well-meaning company representatives.

I found Bowie sitting up in bed sipping tea and watching TV and reading and talking to Jaime and occasionally nibbling at a fruit salad. This is where he likes to be most I think, as this is where I find him most. (Once in Hollywood after we had spent the morning swimming and sun-bathing, we went to visit Bowie. Of course, we found him in bed just as described. "It's a beautiful, fabulous day", we cried, "The sun is shining, it's warm, it fabulous!" "Oh really," he said, "in that case, open the window.") Anyway, here in Detroit, he was in excellent spirits, although a little disappointed that the show had been cancelled. He was anxious to do it in Detroit to see their reaction. Although Detroit is a very rock and roll oriented town, they are not an easy audience. He was anxious to show them his new show. The compensation was that he *would* play in Detroit — the next night in huge Cobo Hall. We looked over pictures, chatted about the show, and gossiped a little. He had decided he would not go out that night. I had decided I would. I left. Corinne showed me to the door.

We decided to go to Gagan's, a large, always crowded dance bar that sometimes featured drag shows. Various members of Detroit's music culture joined us at the hotel for a drink before departure. Mark Parrento, a disc jockey for WABX in Detroit, urged that Bowie accompany us. I thought it unwise as there might be disgruntled fans who had been deprived of a show that night. I was right. It took only a few minutes after our arrival for the clientele to figure out who we were (we were with Parrento and Ben Edmonds, editor of *Creem*, both of them dead give-aways that we were in the music business). Well, it seemed that everyone in that bar had had tickets for the ill-fated Saturday night show and they all wanted a personal explanation about what happened. They soon calmed down, however, and then things were great. We made a lot of friends, danced till we dropped, and very successfully released the tensions of a night without a show.

The next morning I woke up pretty early — eleven A.M. I was famished. My hand was on the phone as I awoke. I called room service. I rang and rang and rang and rang. I called the desk. I got no answer at room service I told them and I'm hungry. They weren't surprised. It was Sunday I was told and roomservice ends at ten o'clock. TEN O'CLOCK! You

mean ten o'clock in the morning? Yes, I went crazy. No one wakes up at ten o'clock in the morning. True, the desk clerk had said room service ended at ten, but I never dreamed he meant A.M. And no I didn't want to come down to the restaurant. Suddenly, it dawned on them I must be in the Bowie party. A special dispensation had been arranged for us it seems, and what was it that I wanted for breakfast. Whew.

After spending the day at the art museum seeing a Diane Arbus exhibit, we prepared for Cobo Hall. This show was on. The set-up had gone beautifully and everything would be in perfect working order. The lights were wonderful. Bowie's voice was in fine form. As we approached the hall the crush of people was staggering. Besides the 16,000 kids who had turned out in high Bowie drag for the show, an adjacent hall was hosting a convention of accountants and yet another featured a Baptist's convention. Let me tell you, that was mind boggling for all concerned.

I have rarely seen a rock show so effective as that night. Everything went exactly as planned and the fans showed their appreciation wildly. I had not been accorded a seat for this show, not that that would have helped as no one had a seat after the first couple of numbers. Literally everyone it seemed crushed toward the stage. The ushers were pretty helpless although they tried to keep order. At the front of this mass so I could get good pictures, I broke nearly everything I owned. My camera, my ribs, my heels — you name it, someone stepped on it. I must commend Stuey and Eric Barrett, the road manager, for watching out for me so well despite their many other duties. When the crush would become so unbearable as to make it impossible for me to work, they would always appear to coax people back a little so I could breathe. At the end of the show they just lifted me straight up onto the stage and away to safety. Boy oh boy, what a show.

After the show was everything you might expect. The hotel was mobbed. The halls were full of fans who once they were inside the hotel didn't quite know what to do. All they knew was that they had to get out of sight or else they might get thrown out. Outside there were hundreds more who couldn't sneak in at all. Once I opened my door for a minute only to hear a shout of, "There's an open door. Let's go there." I looked out to see a couple of dozen crazed teenagers racing my way. I closed my door just in time. Don't get me wrong. My room was full of crazed fans too, but enough is enough. In a few hours the halls had been cleared and things had quieted down. The people in my room insisted on watching "Speakeasy", a show I find sadly boring, and the people next door were playing backgammon, a game I don't understand. So, I decided to go visit Bowie.

Surprisingly, getting into his room this evening was easier than the day before. Inside was a small gathering of friends and a beaming Bowie — radiant after his success. Corinne and Ava Cherry were serving as hostesses, and after supplying me with wine, left me to my own devices. Other than the fact that I met the wife of someone who played on the original

"Space Oddity" recording, there is little to report. None of the furniture got smashed; as indeed did none of the people. Something tells me that both the Baptists and the accountants were having wilder parties that night than us. But, I'll bet you could never have convinced them of that.

After a while I returned to my room. "Speakeasy" had mercifully ended and things had degenerated to the usual very late, very tired, very drunk senseless conversation. I am very good at this sort of thing and talked for hours. When everyone finally left, I was still not done. Jaime, Linda Palermo and Joëy Gatti (MainMan publicists), and I managed to find an all night restaurant and gorged cheeseburgers and hotcakes until dawn.

The next morning I blearily stumbled into the hotel restaurant where we were to assemble for the journey home. There was Tony DeFries looking dapper enough for *Women's Wear Daily*. He looked up at me, smiled, and said, "Ah, Lee, there you are. Looking a little pale this morning in true vampire tradition." Charming.

Somehow, we all helped each other onto the plane and settled back for the final ride home and maybe some sleep. Fat chance. Somewhere up in the stratosphere we hit a bump. As fate would have it, lunch had just been served and as the plane lurched and then dropped what felt like hundreds of feet in a second, everyone's meat loaf, corn, and tossed salad sailed up in the air and landed on the person in front of them. Of course, there were the initial shrieks and screams, but all in all, everyone took it pretty well. We were a sight, of course, with lettuce in our hair and gravy down our shirts, but all we could think of was what did Tony Defries look like now. We asked the stewardess to please check on him for us and when she asked us where he was sitting, we told her he was up front. Innocently, her eyes widened and with her sweet stewardess smile she explained, "Oh, he's all right. He's in first class." What? Did she really mean the bump was just for us back in the cheap seats. Yep. It seems the tail had flipped up and then back down. The first class passengers barely felt it.

So, yet another stint on the road ends. A smiling Tony Defries met us as we came dripping off the plane. The stewardess was right. Not a loose crumb on his lapel.

The tour ended for me, but as of this writing, of course, Bowie is still out there making sure little Zowie has new shoes. Just as a post script, I can fill you in on a couple of major events that have happened recently. For one, Bowie's car broke down somewhere between Nashville and Memphis and Bowie, Corinne, and Stuey had to hitchhike on the side of the road in Tennessee. The other event — a bee, flew in the window of the truck carrying the massive set and stung the driver. He drove the truck into a swamp somewhere near Tampa, Florida (So much for the theatre road crew) Bowie went on that night on a bare stage. He says it's the best audience reception he's had to date.

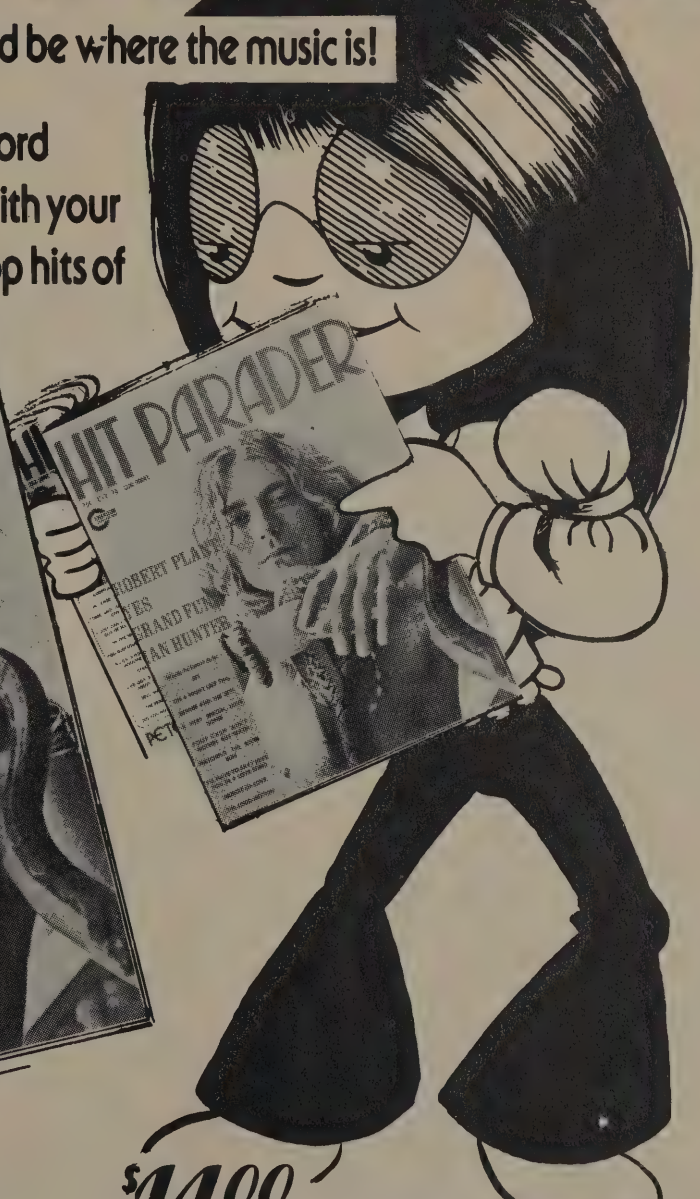
So the tours go on and on. Bowie's doing seventy cities in the fall. I bet you could write a book about that one. □



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## H.P. INTERVIEW

(continued from page 33)

there named Roger Newell who was amazing. I sat in with him - I played a bit of piano and you can really pick them out if they're good musicians.

He wasn't doing anything particularly clever - but you knew he could if he wanted to. And we talked a bit about Yes, and he said he liked "Heart of the Sunrise" - and played a bass line for me that was fairly difficult and then he said, 'I would have liked it if after that you had done something like this' - and he played this thing that was really hairy. So I said, 'Oh yeah? What are you doing on January 18th?' - so that's how he came along. And then I met the drummer and the singer ... and Mike Egan who's the guitar player, he did all the stuff for me on "Henry".

He's a rare breed in that most guitar players want to be incredible superstars and stand up and leap about, etc. - but Mike is really tacit and he just wants to play, and has no illusions about being the greatest in the world. But if you stood him next to the greatest in the world - he

probably would be.

**HP:** Will you be bringing "Journey" here?

**Rick:** Right, the orchestra and the choir and the whole thing. Really good players we can pick up along the way if we need them - and we'll bring the English Chamber Choir with us and David Hemmings and David Measham and - there are negotiations going on now, if David Hemmings can't do the narration I'd like to get Orson Welles. You know, it's funny. When we started, David was the only one interested in doing it - now the list is over 80 pages long ... The arrangements are all done, and if we have David Measham to conduct - which is very important because you have to have co-ordination between the narrator, the choir and the band - then the first concert would be at the Crystal Palace in England, and an English tour that would go through October 10th, then hopefully we'd come straight here.

**HP:** How did you manage to do something on such a grand scale and yet avoid sounding pretentious, or the music being excessive?

**Rick:** Well - there were so many people involved, and when you have people like David Hemmings and David Measham and the London Symphony Orchestra in-

volved with you - if any of it didn't sound quite right, they'd be the first to tell me. If you do take what people have to say into account - like people would often make a suggestion with an arrangement or a certain part - then you avoid that sort of thing.

**HP:** Did it turn out differently than you originally intended?

**Rick:** Well - it took me about a year and a half - but it didn't really change. I mean if I went back and listened to the original demos of it and the actual recording now, it would sound worlds apart. But things changed in tiny degrees - week by week, so that you wouldn't really notice if you'd been following the thing all along.

**HP:** Do you feel that your music is in part educating young people to the classics ... you know, like sneaking Grieg in there and all?

**Rick:** No - that wasn't deliberate. There's a part in the book where the volcano stops and it's pushing up all the water and in one of the transitions it says 'I appeared to be in the hall of a mountain - as if a king were looking down.' So I said, 'yeah, got to do that'. I mean music shouldn't educate, anyway, it's there to enjoy. If people want to be educated then they should be able to educate themselves. If





they want to learn something that's up to them - if they want to sit back and listen to a piece of music and enjoy then they should be able to do that from the same piece of music.

*HP:* You mentioned in our last *Hit Parader Interview* with you that you had a son, and you wanted him to learn the piano and the Moog?

*Rick:* Right, I've got two little horrors - one is two and a half and the other is three months. Now what happens with the Moog - when you take into account that it's really become the rich keyboard player's toy ... you can technically learn to play it without learning too much about knobs and dials if you just want to make noises. But that defeats the whole idea of the instrument. If you have to learn it from nothing - the way you do with the organ ... all the pedals and stuff, then you could really have some exciting keyboard players. What happens all too often though is that people get their keyboards together and then play the Moog afterwards.

I thought that if my little boy is musical - what would be interesting would be for him to start out on the piano and learn the Moog at the same time. There really are only a few people who use it right ... Walter Carlos ... Nobody really understands it fully. I've been at it for five years and I don't get it all. Keith must have been at it for 6 or 7 years and he doesn't understand it fully. Only Walter Carlos comes close ... it's just one of those instruments that you can go on learning about forever ...

*HP:* What about your next album?

*Rick:* I'm not doing any more albums. (Laughter)

*HP:* Ever?

*Rick:* After the American tour - which should end about the end of November - we will start - maybe not finish, but get something down that we can start thinking about. Then we'll go off to Japan and Australia and do another tour, and then come back - analyze what we've done, and do more from there.

*HP:* Do you have a concept?

*Rick:* Well, I often change my mind but I'm thinking of doing something totally musically removed from what I'm doing now. See the country around Devon - where my house is, is near the last county you come to which is Cornwall. King Arthur came from there - called Tintagil, and I'm thinking of basing the whole thing around the myth of King Arthur. So many things - the round table ... Merlin the magician, the various knights. I stayed on a farm near Tintagil for many years, I was very young, but I've never forgotten it. It's really an amazing place.

The place we've got in Devon is only about 50 or 60 miles from there so I'm going to have a look again and then delve into the history before I actually start writing.

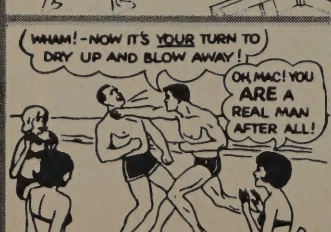
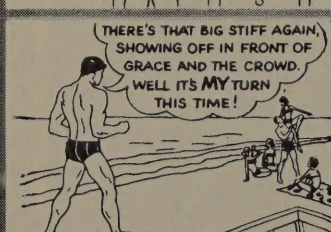
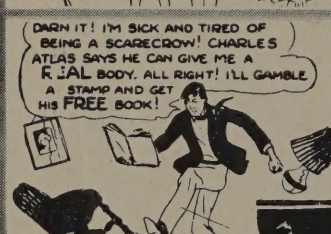
*HP:* "Journey" actually was Number One in England wasn't it? And it went right on the charts here ...

*Rick:* Went right in at 78 on the Billboard charts. It's always a good move to buy shares in Billboard. (Laughter.) □





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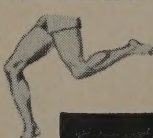
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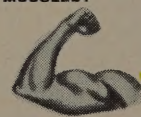
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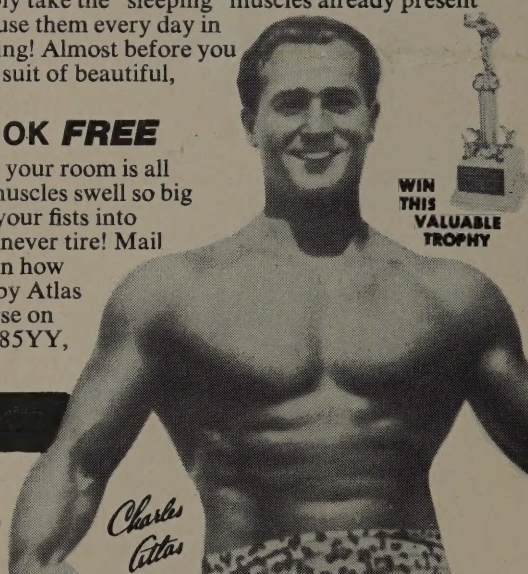
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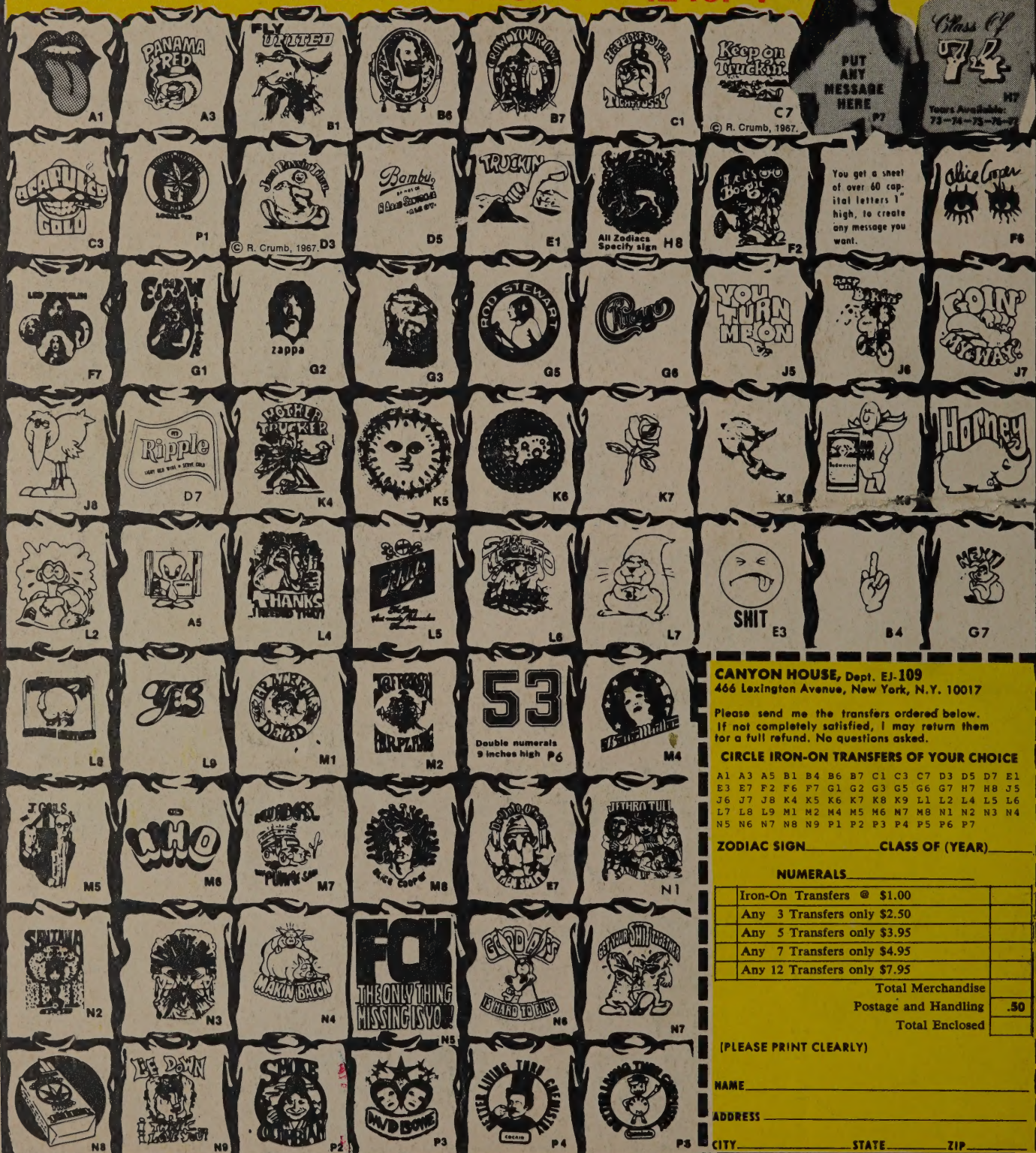
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